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THE SKY'S *the* LIMIT

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ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH

- ★ No. 61 **DEATH TRAP**
Like a monstrous god of war, Hill 60 demanded a sacrifice !
- ★ No. 62 **NIGHT OF THE DEVIL**
The fate of the lonely patrol was hidden in the nightmare jungle !
- ★ No. 63 **CHALLENGE**
The war was too far away for these red-blooded men of action !
- ★ No. 64 **THE VICIOUS CIRCLE**
Clawed from the sky, they would not admit defeat !

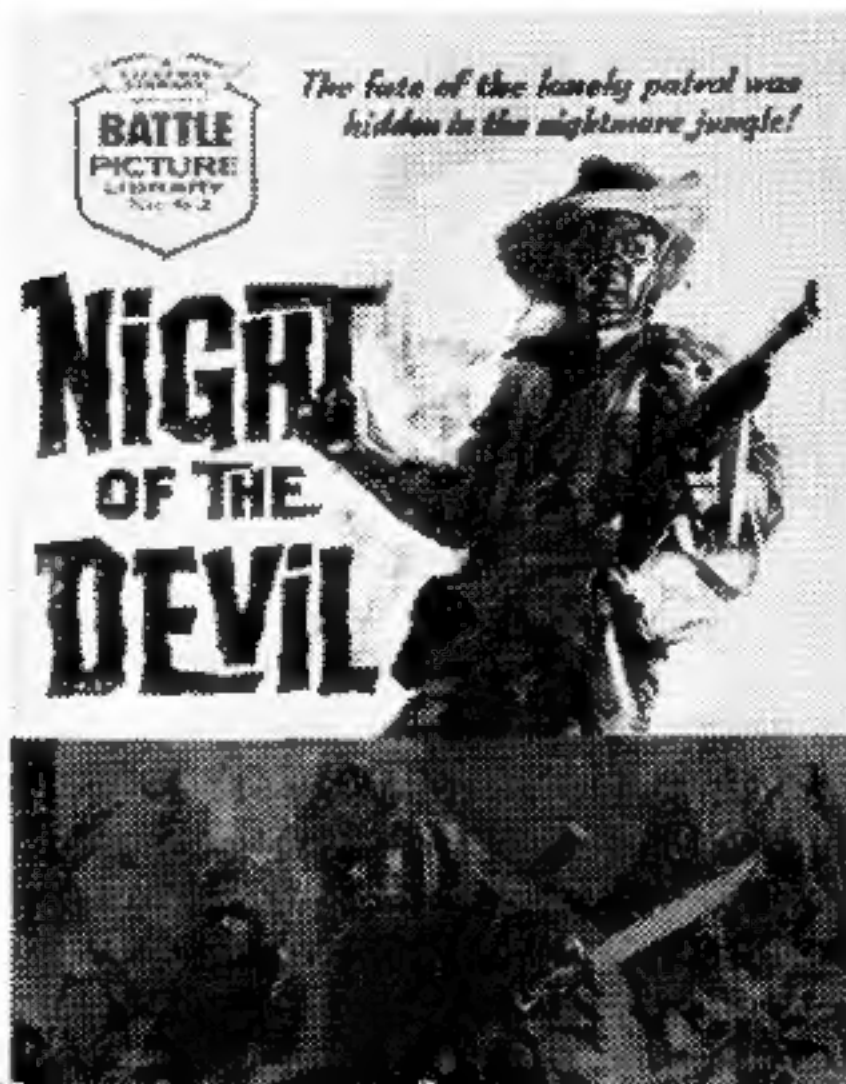
BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY

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THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

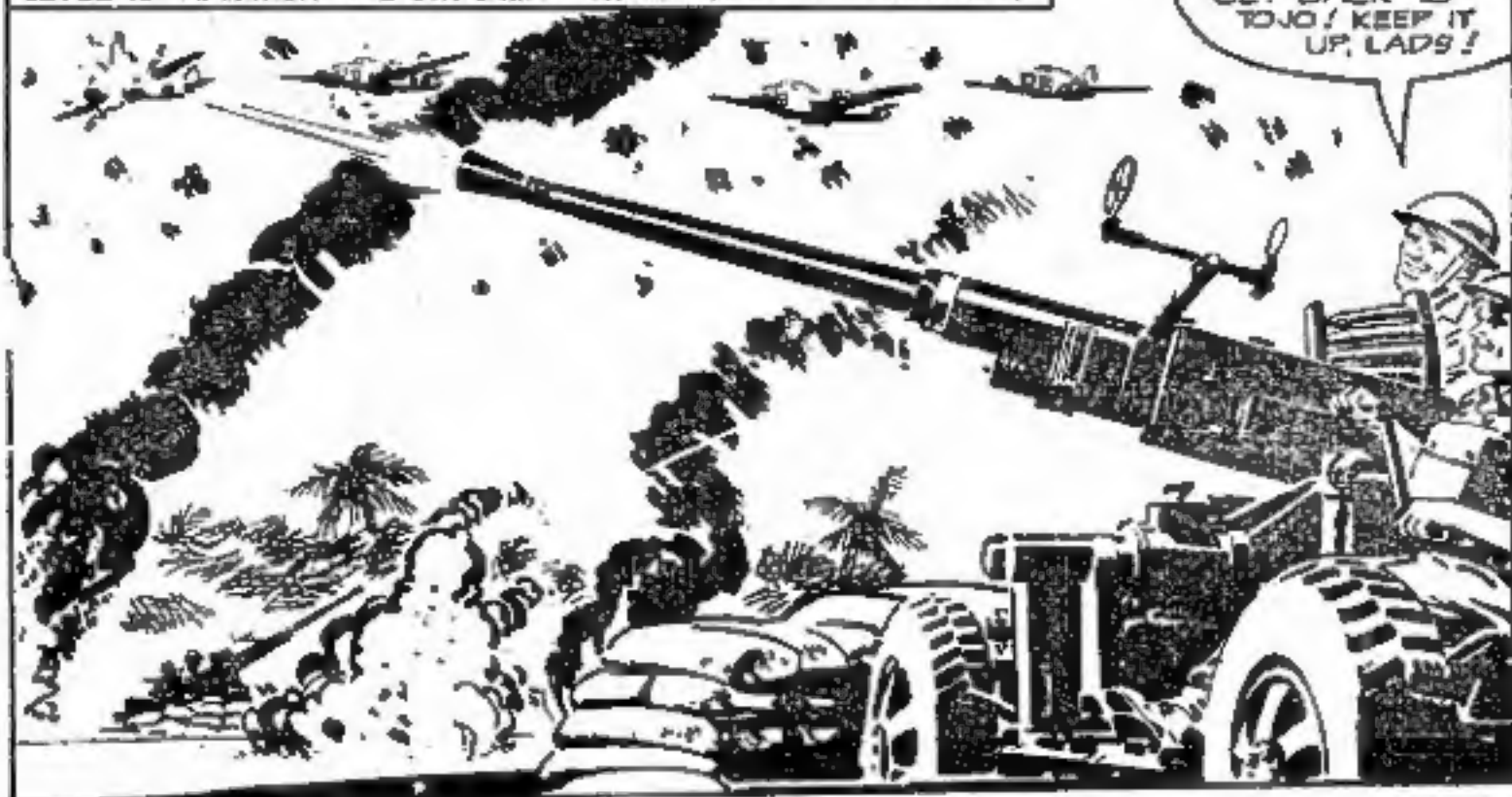


BURMA, 1942, THE JAPS WERE TRYING TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR THE EASTERN SKIES WITH THEIR DEADLY ZERO FIGHTERS. MATCHED AGAINST THEM WAS A SORELY DEPLETED FIGHTING FORCE OF HURRICANES, PLEDGED TO STEM THE ENEMY MIGHT...

Chapter 1. The Flying Tigers

ON THE BATTERED AIRFIELD OF MINGALA, ENEMY BOMBERS
ONCE MORE AIMED A VICIOUS ATTACK, SWEEPING IN AT LOW
LEVEL TO HAMMER THE STRICKEN AIRSTRIP IN OPEN DAYLIGHT...

THERE'S ONE
THAT WON'T
GET BACK TO
TOJO! KEEP IT
UP, LADS!



THE WEEKS OF CONTINUAL ACTION WERE
TELLING ON THE EXHAUSTED PILOTS WHO
LIMPED HOME TO BASE IN A SHELTER BY
THE AIRSTRIP. WING COMMANDER BRYANT
D.F.C., SPOKE TO THE SOLE REMAINING
STATION OFFICER...

ALL OUR ACK-ACK
SITES WERE KNOCKED
OUT IN THAT LAST
RAID, DOC. WE CAN'T
LAST MUCH
LONGER!

CHEER UP,
OLD MAN, SURELY
THIS IS WHAT
YOU CAME OUT
TO BURMA FOR—
TO GIVE THE
JAPS SOME OF
THEIR OWN
MEDICINE?



WING COMMANDER BRYANT TURNED
AWAY AT THE WORDS. HIS THOUGHTS
ROLLED BACK TO A SIMILAR NIGHT,
TWO YEARS BEFORE—WHEN THE
ENEMY HAD NOT BEEN A SNARLING
ZERO FIGHTER...

I'LL NEVER
FORGET WHY
I APPLIED
FOR THIS
POSTING...



TWO YEARS BEFORE, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT BRYANT HAD BEEN A NIGHT-FIGHTER PILOT, FLYING BEAUFIGHTERS FROM AN AIRFIELD IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND...



ACHTUNG!
ENEMY
FIGHTER!

WE GOT
HIM, BRYANT!
THAT'S OUR
EIGHTEENTH
IN ALL!

THE BEAUFIGHTER HEADED FOR BASE AGAIN AS JOHNNY LEVIS, BRYANT'S GUNNER, CONGRATULATED HIM. THE MOMENT THEY TOUCHED DOWN, BRYANT WAS CALLED TO SEE THE STATION COMMANDER...



WE WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER A NEW FIGHTER, BRYANT. IT'S A BIT HUSH-HUSH AT PRESENT - BUT YOU ARE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB...

IS IT THE NEW JAGUAR STREAK?
I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

DESPITE BRYANT'S ENTHUSIASM OVER THE NEW FIGHTER, THE STATION COMMANDER LOOKED A LITTLE GRIM. BRYANT WAS TO REMEMBER HIS WORDS MUCH LATER...

DISCOUNT ANY RUMOURS YOU'VE HEARD, BRYANT. THE NEW STREAK IS AN ENTIRELY UNKNOWN QUANTITY. WHOEVER FLIES HER FIRST WILL BE TAKING A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN HIS OWN LIFE IN HIS HANDS...

I UNDERSTAND, SIR. WHEN DO I START?



The Sky's The Limit

THE WHEELS TURNED FAST AFTER THAT FIRST INTERVIEW. IT WAS AT A SMALL, SECRET AIRSTRIP THAT PETER BRYANT AND JOHNNY LEVIS FIRST TOOK OVER THE PROTOTYPE FIGHTER...

SHE LOOKS A BEAUTY, SKIPPER!

THE DESIGN'S FIVE YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME, SO THEY SAY.



BUT DESPITE HIS PRETENCE OF CONFIDENCE, BRYANT FELT JITTERY ABOUT THE TEST FLIGHTS. THE RUMOURS HE HAD HEARD ABOUT THE NEW PLANE - THAT IT WAS UNSTABLE, UNRELIABLE IN AN EMERGENCY - HAUNTED HIM AS THEY CLIMBED TOWARDS THE STARS THAT EVENING...

WHAT'S SHE HANDLING LIKE, SKIPPER?

I-I'M NOT SURE YET... A BIT HEAVY I'D SAY... BUT SHE'LL PROBABLY IMPROVE WITH PRACTICE.



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A CRACKLE IN BRYANT'S EARPHONES...

BLAZER TWO FOUR.
BANDIT APPROACHING.
ANGELS ELEVEN.
AVOID CONTACT.

ROGER,
BOFFIN.

THE NEWS OF THE PROWLING ENEMY PLANE BROUGHT A DULL SENSE OF UNEASE TO BRYANT...

I'LL CLIMB TO
FIFTEEN THOUSAND
FEET...WE'D
BETTER HAVE A
BIT OF HEIGHT
IN HAND...

THERE'S
THE BANDIT,
SKIPPER - AND
HE'D BE A
SITTING TARGET!
LET'S HAVE A
CRACK AT HIM!

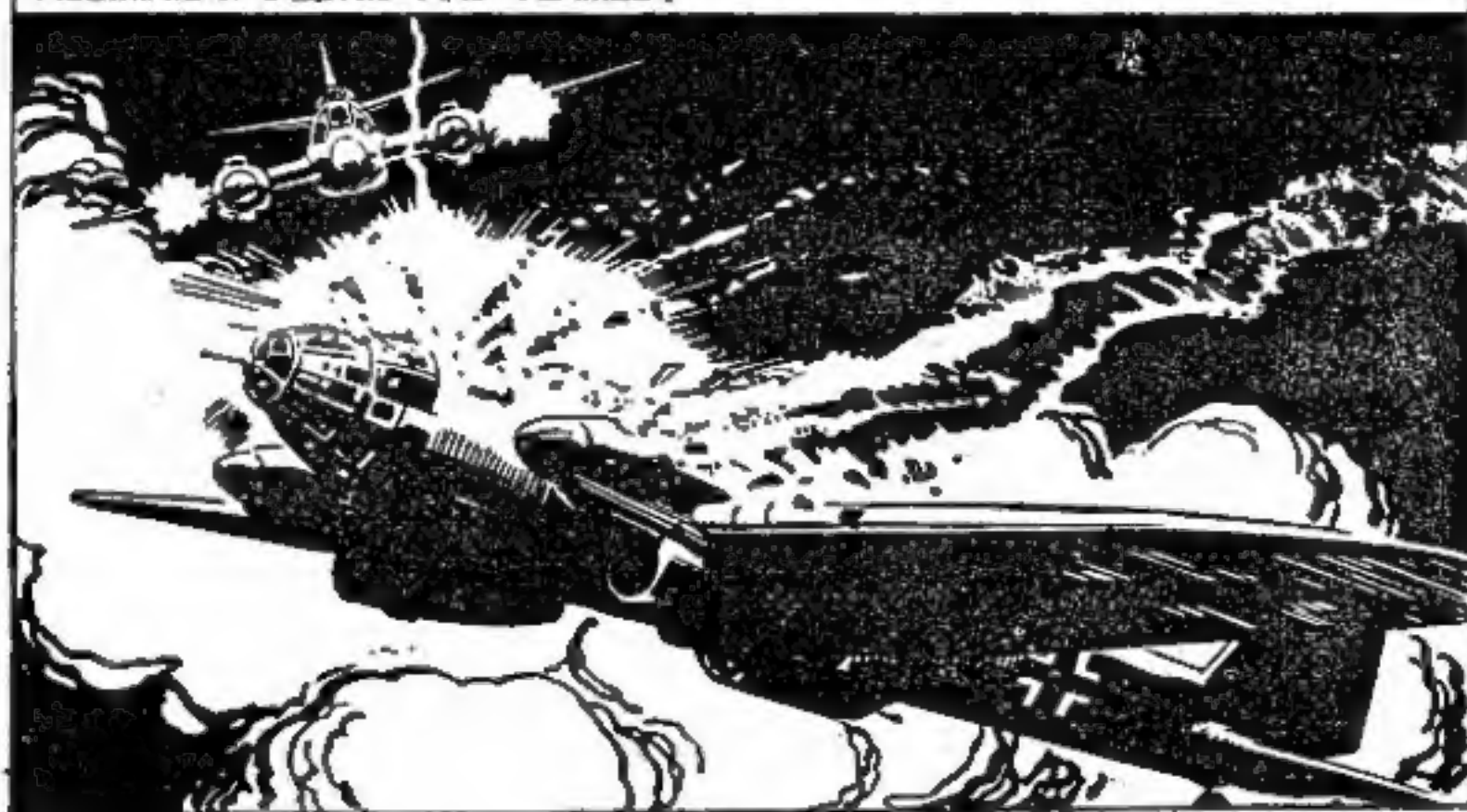


The Sky's The Limit

BRYANT WAS JERKED INTO ACTION. THE NEW FIGHTER RESPONDED EAGERLY TO HIS HANDLING AS HE FLUNG IT TOWARDS THE GERMAN BOMBER...



...AND NEXT INSTANT, THE FLASHING GUNS OF THE BRITISH PLANE RIPPED THE NIGHT APART WITH THUNDER. THE HENKEL BLEW UP IN A SHOWER OF ALUMINIUM DEBRIS AND FLAMES!



FOR JOHNNY LEVIS IT WAS ANOTHER MOMENT OF TRIUMPH—ANOTHER ONE FOR THE SCORE. BUT AS HE STARTED TO SPEAK, BRYANT GAVE A SHOUT OF ALARM...

PRESSURE LINE'S BURST, SKIPPER! SWITCH TO AUXILIARY!

THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED! I CAN'T PULL OUT OF THE DIVE!



THE FEW SECONDS THAT FOLLOWED WERE A NIGHTMARE. ONE MOMENT HE WAS REACHING FOR THE PRESSURE LINE CONTROL, NEXT MOMENT HE WAS PLUNGING THROUGH THE COLD, DARK NIGHT, HIS PARACHUTE BLOSSOMING ABOVE HIM.

JOHNNY'S STILL TRAPPED IN THERE! WHAT HAPPENED?



The Sky's The Limit

IT WAS MUCH LATER WHEN BRYANT REALISED WHAT HAD GONE WRONG, HIS NUMBLED FINGERS HAD BLUNDERED...AND HE HAD PRESSED THE EJECTION SEAT CONTROL. BUT THE INQUIRY HAD RELIEVED HIM OF RESPONSIBILITY...

WE FIND THAT FLIGHT LIEUTENANT BRYANT ACTED IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE SERVICE IN ATTACKING THE ENEMY PLANE. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT HIS OWN AIRCRAFT WAS SHOT DOWN WITH THE LOSS OF ONE MAN...

SHOT DOWN? THEY DON'T KNOW IT WAS MY FAULT! THE PLANE CRASHED - AND KILLED POOR JOHNNY...



THE WRECKAGE OF THE NEW FIGHTER HAD BEEN SO SHATTERED THAT THE EXPERTS HAD NEVER FOUND THE REAL REASON FOR THE CRASH. BRYANT HAD ASKED FOR A POSTING TO THE FAR EAST TO GET AWAY FROM THE MEMORIES OF THAT FATEFUL MISSION...

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING TOO WELL, OLD CHAP. NEED A CHECK-UP?

I'M OKAY, DOC - IT'S JUST THE HEAT...

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT - AND JOHNNY'S FACE



BRYANT STALKED OUT OF THE DUG-OUT TO WATCH THE HURRICANES COME IN TO LAND ON THE BATTERED AIRSTRIP...

IT'S TAKING US ALL OUR TIME TO HOLD OUT HERE... NO REPLACEMENTS, LACK OF FUEL...



The Sky's The Limit

THAT NIGHT, THREE MORE PLANES LANDED AT MINGALA AIRSTRIP. THREE UNEXPECTED PLANES... BATTERED AMERICAN P40 FIGHTERS...

VISITORS, S.I.E. / YANK KITES BY THE LOOK OF 'EM!

AMERICAN PLANES

THE PLOTS OF THE THREE PLANES WERE SOON STANDING BEFORE WING COMMANDER DRYANT

MY NAME'S HAMES
MY FRIENDS HERE
ARE LIEUTENANT
RAWSON AND
LIEUTENANT
HOLT.

THIS IS AN
R A E STATION, HAMES!
LUCKY MY FIGHTERS
WERENT IN THE AIR—YOU
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
MISTAKEN FOR ZEROS!
BUT WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?



HAMES EXPLAINED-AND BRYANT BEGAN TO EYE HIM COLDLY...

OUR THREE PLANES ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A FLYING TIGER SQUADRON!

FLYING TIGERS! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE MERCENARIES HIRED FIGHTERS!

HAMES' WORDS BROUGHT EVERYTHING INTO SHARP FOCUS. THE FLYING TIGERS WERE A GROUP OF PILOTS, FORMED BY THE CHINESE TO CHECK JAP AIR ATTACKS ON THEIR SOIL...

YOU HAD NO AUTHORITY TO LAND HERE. I SHALL HAVE TO IMPOUND YOUR PLANES AND HOLD YOU PENDING ORDERS.

WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE NEED TO FLY TO RANGOON!

SURE! IT WAS TOUGH WORK WE WERE DOING BUT IT PAID WELL. NOW WE WANT A CHANCE TO SPEND THE MONEY!

THE WORDS OF THE AMERICAN BROUGHT OUT THE BRISTLING ANGER IN BRYANT.

I'M CERTAINLY NOT GIVING YOU PETROL FROM OUR SMALL SUPPLY TO GET YOU TO RANGOON WITH YOUR BLOOD MONEY!

YOU MEAN WE'RE STUCK HERE? YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO US!

COMMAND POST

THE THREE FLYING TIGERS LOUNGED INSOLENTLY THROUGH THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FINALLY...

IS THIS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR TIME? MY PILOTS ARE TRED OUT FROM KEEPING THIS AIRFIELD INTACT! AND YOU PLAY CARDS!

YOU CAN SOON GET RID OF US BY FUELLING OUR PLANES, BRYANT!



THE PRESENCE OF THE THREE MEN BEGAN TO MAKE ITSELF FELT, UNDERMINING THE MORALE OF THE RAF FLYERS

BEATS ME WHY THE OLD MAN ALLOWS THOSE THREE SHIRKERS TO HANG ON HERE

THOSE YANKEE PLANES ARE IN GOOD SHAPE THEY COULD HELP US... IF THEIR PILOTS WERENT TOO SCARED.



THAT NIGHT, VINCENT HAMES CAME TO SEE BRYANT. HE PUT HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE.

LOOK WING COMMANDER - THIS WAR SN'T GOING TO LAST FOR EVER I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO FUEL ONE OF THOSE PLANES

YOU FOOL HAMES! YOU THINK YOU CAN BRIBE ME! GET OUT OF HERE - BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!

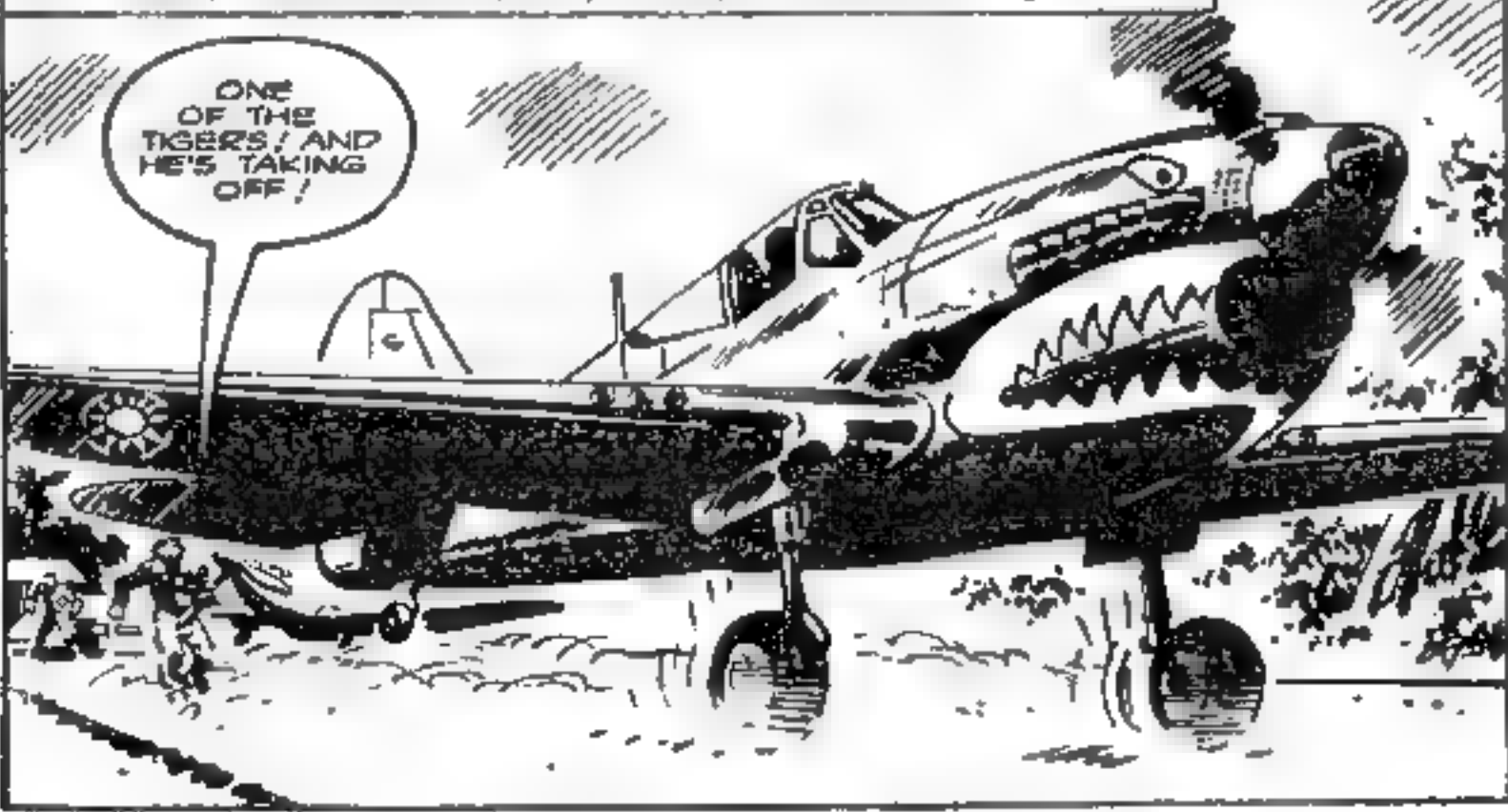
THE TWO MEN FACED EACH OTHER ANGRILY. THEN HAMES TURNED AWAY ABRUPTLY.

YOU SNOOTY R.A.F. TYPES MAKE ME SICK! I WAS IN THE R.A.F. ONCE! MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY SOMETIME - IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE TO HEAR IT!

SO THAT'S WHERE HE LEARNED TO FLY

THE BROODING TENSION ON THE AIRFIELD CONTINUED THROUGH THE NEXT DAY. BRYANT FELT IN HIS BONES THAT SOMETHING WAS ABOUT TO BREAK - THEN, AT NIGHTFALL, IT DID!

ONE OF THE TIGERS! AND HE'S TAKING OFF!



THE WING COMMANDER RUSHED FOR THE NEAREST HURRICANE, HARDLY STOPPING TO LISTEN TO THE SHOUTS AROUND HIM.

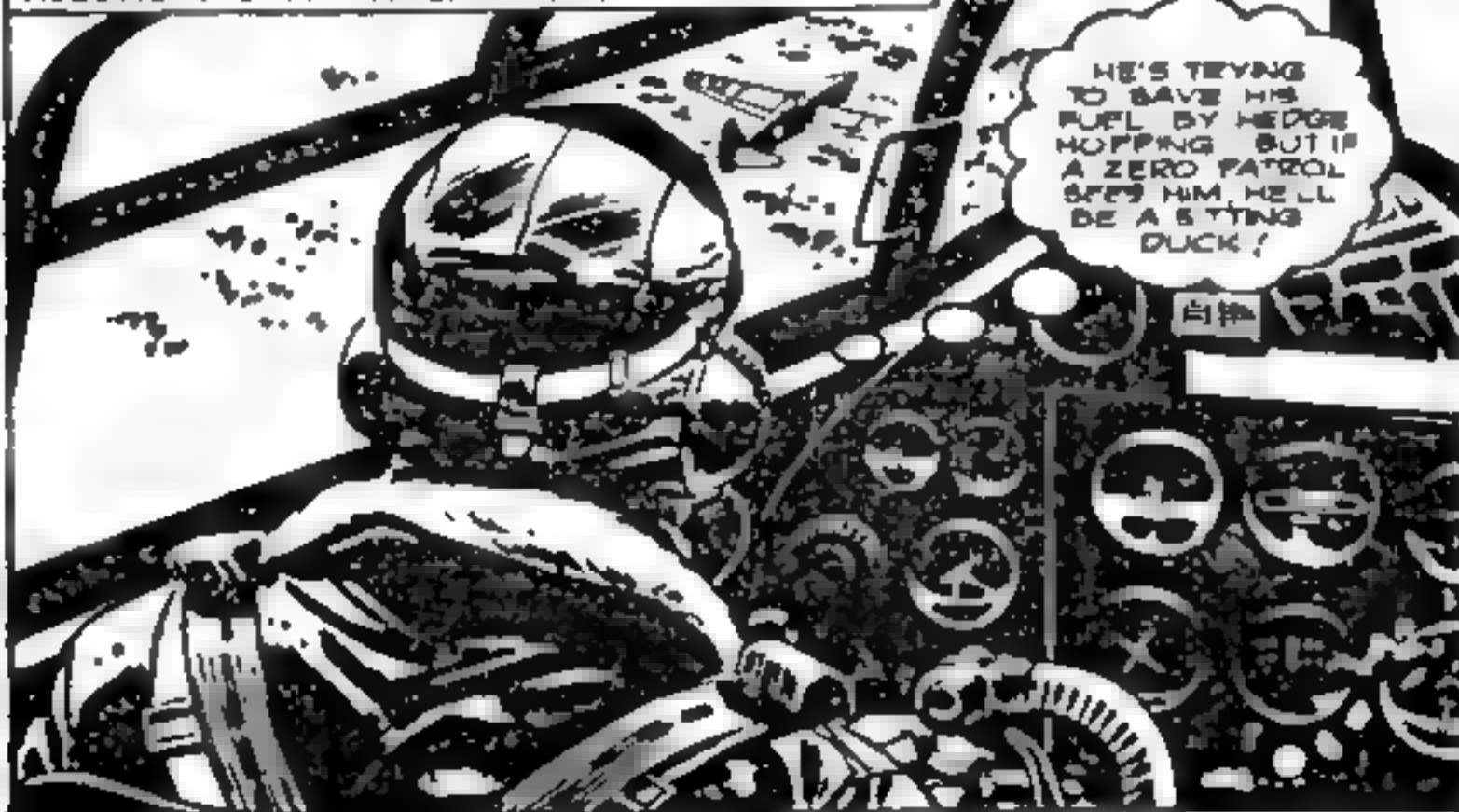
HE MUST HAVE SYPHONED SOME PETROL FROM ONE OF THE TANKS / CRAZY IDIOT - HE'LL NOT HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH RANGOON..!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM - FORCE HIM TO LAND.



AIRBORNE THE HURRICANE ROARED OFF IN PURSUIT SOON BRYANT CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE P-40, HUGGING THE JUNGLE CARPET...

HE'S TRYING TO SAVE HIS FUEL BY HEDGE HOPPING BUT IF A ZERO PATROL SPES HIM, HE'LL BE A S'YING DUCK!

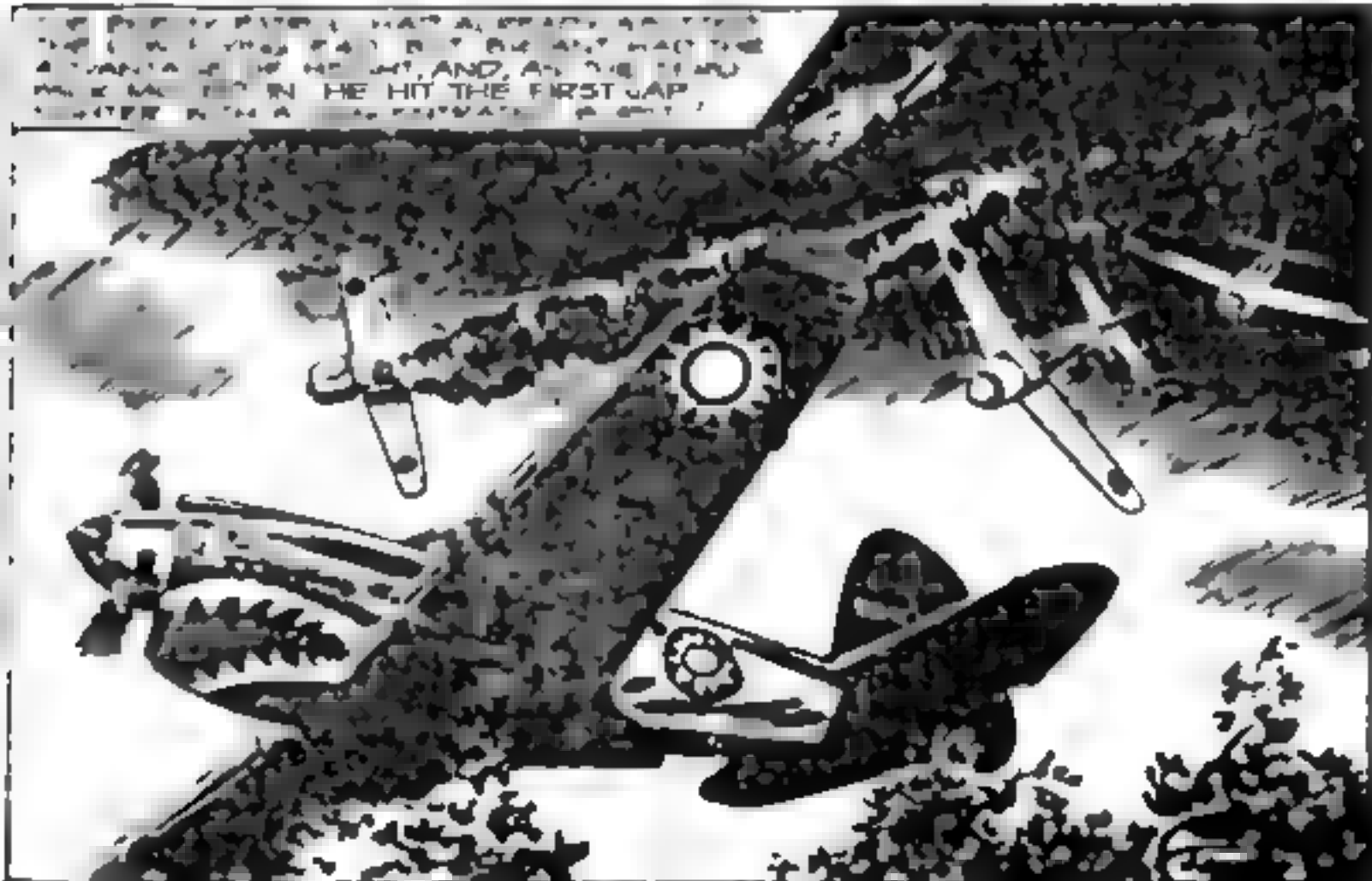


SUDDENLY SPYANT SPOTTED THREE HASTING
QUARTS STREAKING ACROSS THE DULL
EVENING SKY...

SPYANT!
I'M GOING TO
MEET THEM
OFF!



THE SPYANT SPOTTER HAD A FEELING AS THE
THREE PLANE STREAKED BY BUT HE HAD THE
ADVANTAGE OF HEIGHT AND AS THE PLANE
WAS IN THE AIR HE HIT THE FIRST CAP
PLANE WITH A SINGLE SHOT!



A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT STARTED ABOVE THE JUNGLE AND BRYANT FELT THE SUDDEN THUDS AS BULLETS RAKED THE HURRICANE!

JUPITER!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

IN THOSE FEW SECONDS OF NUMBING SHOCK, ALL THE OLD FEAR RUSHED BACK INTO BRYANT'S MIND HE REMEMBERED ANOTHER NIGHT SITTING IN THE COCKPIT OF A PLANE OUT OF CONTROL...

MUSTN'T
LOSE MY
NERVE, GOT
TO SAVE THAT
FOOL IN THE
P-FORTY...

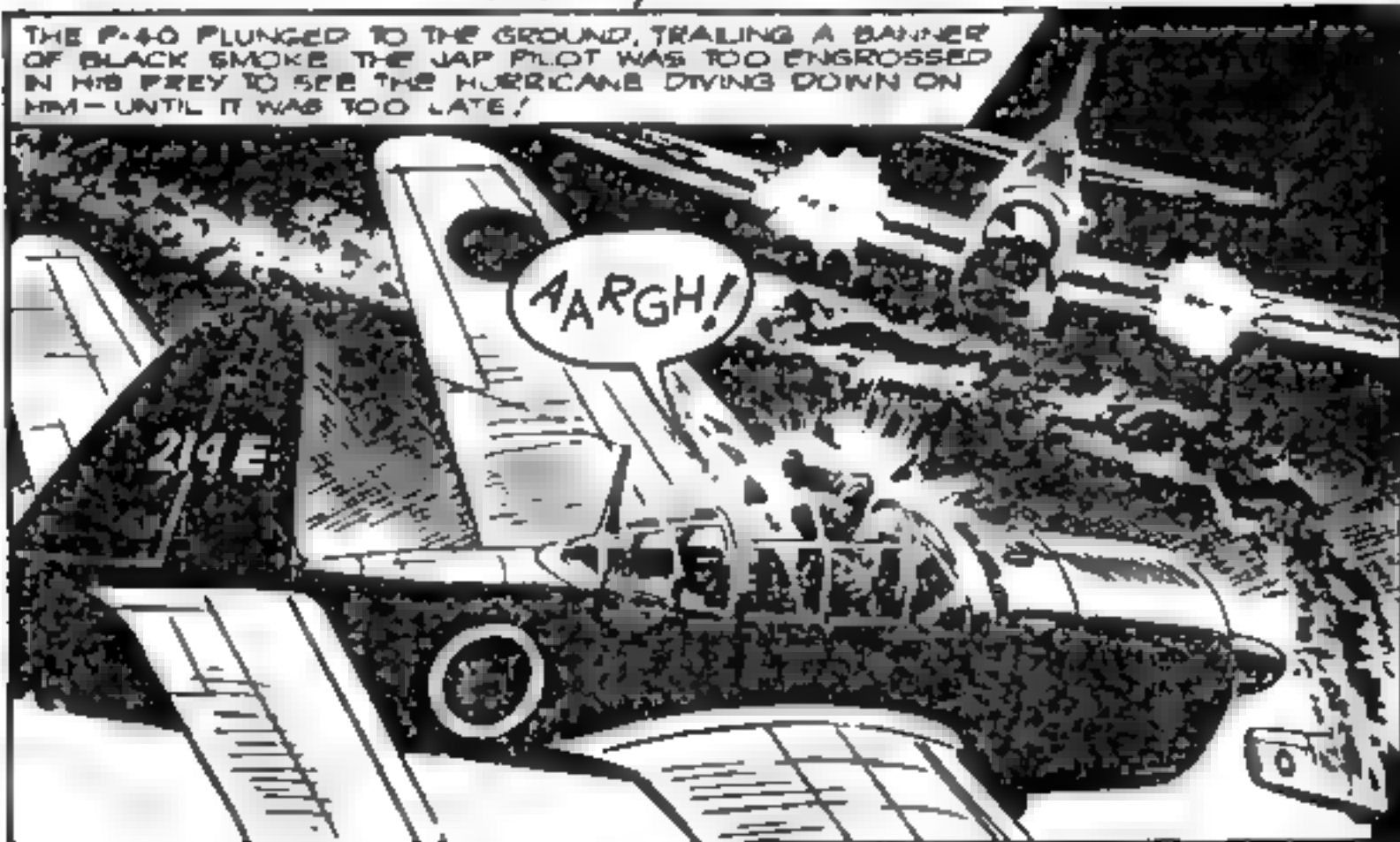
THE THOUGHT THAT ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE DEPENDED ON HIS JUDGMENT FORCED BRYANT BACK INTO ACTION. AGAIN HE CLIMBED FAST-AND FOUND THE NEXT ZERO DEAD IN HIS RING SIGHT.



BUT THE LAST OF THE ENEMY FIGHTERS HAD LOCKED ON TO THE P-40'S TAIL. THE SKY WAS LICKED WITH CRIMSON FIRE AS ITS GUNS SPURTED LETHAL HAMMER BLOWS.



THE P-40 PLUNGED TO THE GROUND, TRAILING A BANNER OF BLACK SMOKE. THE JAP PILOT WAS TOO ENGROSSED IN HIS PREY TO SEE THE HURRICANE DIVING DOWN ON HIM—UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!



THE BATTLE WAS OVER. BRYANT CIRCLED THE REBORN OF SMOKE WHICH ROSE FROM THE CRASHED P-40. THEN FLEW BACK TO BASE. BUT, IN THE JUNGLE, OTHER EYES HAD SEEN THE CRASH.



AT BASE, BRYANT HEARD URGENT NEWS.

THE OTHER TWO
TIGER PILOTS
HAVE RUN FOR
IT. S.R. / THEY'VE
TAKEN A COUPLE
OF RIFLES AND
AMMO WITH
THEM!

THE FOOLS!
IF THEY RUN
INTO THE JAPS,
THEY'VE
HAD IT!

BRYANT CAME TO A QUICK DECISION, AS
HE SPOKE TO THE MEDICAL OFFICER

THAT YANKEE
PILOT MAY
HAVE SURVIVED
THE CRASH.
SIR... YOU
CAN'T LEAVE
HIM FOR THE
JAPS...

DON'T WORRY -
I'M GOING OUT FOR
HIM. BUT FOR ONE
REASON ONLY - HE
MIGHT TELL THE
JAPS SOMETHING
THEY WANT TO
KNOW!

WITH THE M.O. AND THREE MEN, BRYANT SET OUT. HE
REALISED ONLY TOO WELL THE DANGER OF A JAP
ATTACK ON THE AIRFIELD, IF THE ENEMY FOUND OUT
HOW DEPLETED THE GROUND DEFENCES WERE.

BRYANT'S COLD-
BLOODED, BUT HE'S
RIGHT. I SUPPOSE WE
CAN'T LET THOSE
THREE MEN GIVE
US AWAY.

I'VE GOT
TO FIND
THOSE THREE
IDIOTS - KEEP
THEM OUT
OF JAP
HANDS

SUDDENLY A SHARP MOVEMENT SHOWED
A JAP L. C. PAVING AHEAD OF THEM AND REVEALING
THE JAP PATH L. E. TO GO ON TO THE SCENE.



TAKEN BY SURPRISE IN THE MOMENT OF SURPRISE THE
JAP L. C. HAD LITTLE CHANCE TO PUT UP MUCH RESISTANCE



BRYANT FOUND THE M.O. BANDAGING THE AMERICAN, HOLT...

SO YOU WERE THE PILOT, HOLT... WHERE ARE HAMES AND RAWSON?

HAMES FIGURED THEY STOOD A BETTER CHANCE IN THE JUNGLE

BUT THE JUNGLE'S ALIVE WITH JAP PATROLS! THEY'RE CRAZY!



CRAZY! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. WE WERE CRAZY WITH THAT COUNTRY MONEY... BUT MAYBE I'M STARTING TO LEARN SOMETHING.

LEARN SOMETHING, HOLT?



YES I'VE LEARNED YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE JAPS - OR THE WAR BUT I GUESS A MAN IS ENTITLED TO ONE MISTAKE IN HIS LIFE

I MADE A MISTAKE TOO... BUT IT KILLED JOHNNY LEVIS!



WHEN THEY GOT BACK TO
BASE, A FRESH SHOCK
AWAITED BRYANT

SIGNAL
FROM H.Q.
SIR TOP
PRIORITY



HE READ THE SIGNAL CAREFULLY AND STOOD
STARING BLEAKLY INTO SPACE AS THE SIGNIFICANCE
OF THE MESSAGE DAWNED ON HIM...

ANYTHING
WRONG,
SIR?

PLENTY. THE JAPS
HAVE MADE A MAJOR
BREAK-THROUGH
WE'RE CUT OFF
FROM GROUND
SUPPORT!



AT THAT MOMENT, A SAVAGE JAP ASSAULT WAS TAKING PLACE AGAINST THE SCATTERED REMNANTS OF THE BRITISH FORCES TRYING TO WITHDRAW FROM KUMING, NOT TEN MILES AWAY.



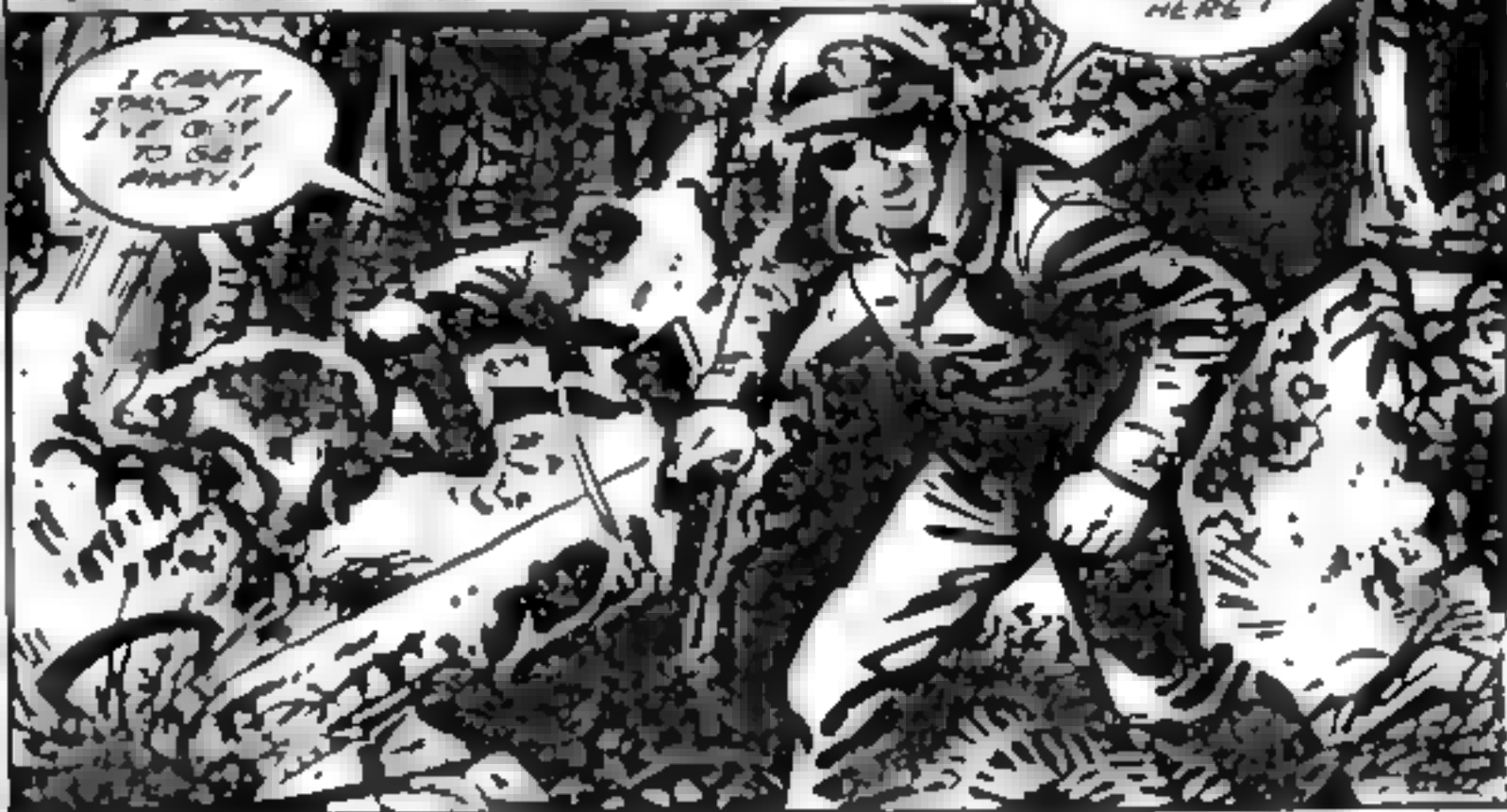
THE RAGGED ALLIED LINE BROKE UNDER THE TERRIBLE POUNDING, BUT STILL ISOLATED POCKETS OF MEN MADE A GALLANT ATTEMPT TO HOLD OUT.



TO STOP UP THE LAST TRAILS OF RESISTANCE THE JAP ARTILLERY LAD ON A HEAVY BARREL TRAPPED IN THE ONSLAUGHT OF STEEL TWO DESPERATE FIGHTERS REELED BLINDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE

RAMSON, DAMN YOU! COME BACK HERE!

I CAN'T STOP IT! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!



RAMSON AND HAMES THE FLIGHTING THEIR FLOTS HAD BEEN TRYING TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF JAP PATROLS TO REACH RAMSON WHEN THE TRAILING BUST AND NO THEM

HANK RAMSON LAY ON THE GROUND GRIMACING IN PAIN AS THE HORROR OF THE DAMAGE GRADUALLY LIFTED IT WAS THERE THAT HAMES FINALLY FOUND HIM

AAGH! MY LEG!

RAMSON! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE HAMES I'M HERE!



HAMES TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE WOUNDED MAN AND BOSE TO HIS FEET SLOWLY

YOU CANT
LEAVE ME HERE,
HAMES / YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME / I'LL
PAY YOU

YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT TO
RANGOON WITH
THAT HOLE IN
YOUR LEG,
RAWSON

THE TWO MEN STARTED BREAKING AT EACH OTHER BOTH
HAD GAMBLED NOW ONE HAD LOST

WHAT'S YOUR
LIFE WORTH,
RAWSON ?

THAT
JUST ABOUT
MAKES IT
WORTH MY
WHILE TO GO
BACK RAWSON!
BUT ONLY
JUST

EVERYTHING!
EVERYTHING I'VE
GOT HAMES - BUT
GET ME BACK
TO THE
AIRFIELD

HOURS LATER,
THE TWO MEN
STAGGERED ON
TO THE AIRSTRIP
AT MINGALA ..

HAMES
AND RAWSON!
THEY'VE COME
BACK!

RAWSON
LOOKS BAD...
HE'LL NEED
ATTENTION.



HAMES REPORTED TO WING
COMMANDER BRYANT THE
TWO MEN FARED EACH
OTHER ONCE MORE STILL
AWARE OF THE ENMITY THAT
BURNED BETWEEN THEM...

THE JAPS HAVE
BROKEN CLEAN
THROUGH WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE GROUND
SUPPORT BRYANT
YOU'VE GOT TO LET
US FLY OUT WITH
WHAT FUEL
YOU'VE GOT
LEFT...

YOU HAVEN'T
COME BACK TO
FLY TO SAFETY,
HAMES! MINGALA
STAYS
OPERATIONAL!



BRYANT WALKED AWAY, HAMES
STARING FURIOUSLY AFTER HIM ..

HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE
OF HOLDING OUT / I'VE
GOT TO MAKE ANOTHER
BREAK FOR IT, I'M NOT
GOING TO BE BUMPED
OFF BY THE JAPS WITH
ALL THE MONEY
I'VE GOT !

BRYANT WAS AS GOOD AS HIS
WORD. MINGALA REMAINED
OPERATIONAL AND, THROUGH THE
DAYS AND NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED,
HURRICANE'S STRAFED THE JAP
LINES OF COMMUNICATION ..

THIS'LL
SAVE THE
ARMY BOYS
A LOT OF
TROUBLE !

THE AIR STRIKES CONTINUED - BUT THE ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACK CAME SAVAGELY ONE DUSK, HERALDED BY THE WHINE OF MITSUBISHI ENGINES.

THIS IS IT - AN ALL-OUT ATTACK! IT'S FIGHT OR GO UNDER, NOW!

JAP BOMBERS, SIR - AND THERE'S A SWARM OF ZEROES ABOVE THEM!



BRYANT REVVED THE ENGINE OF HIS HURRICANE THE ODDS AGAINST THEM SEEMED HOPELESS... AND A SUDDEN FEELING OF DESPAIR SEIZED HIM ..

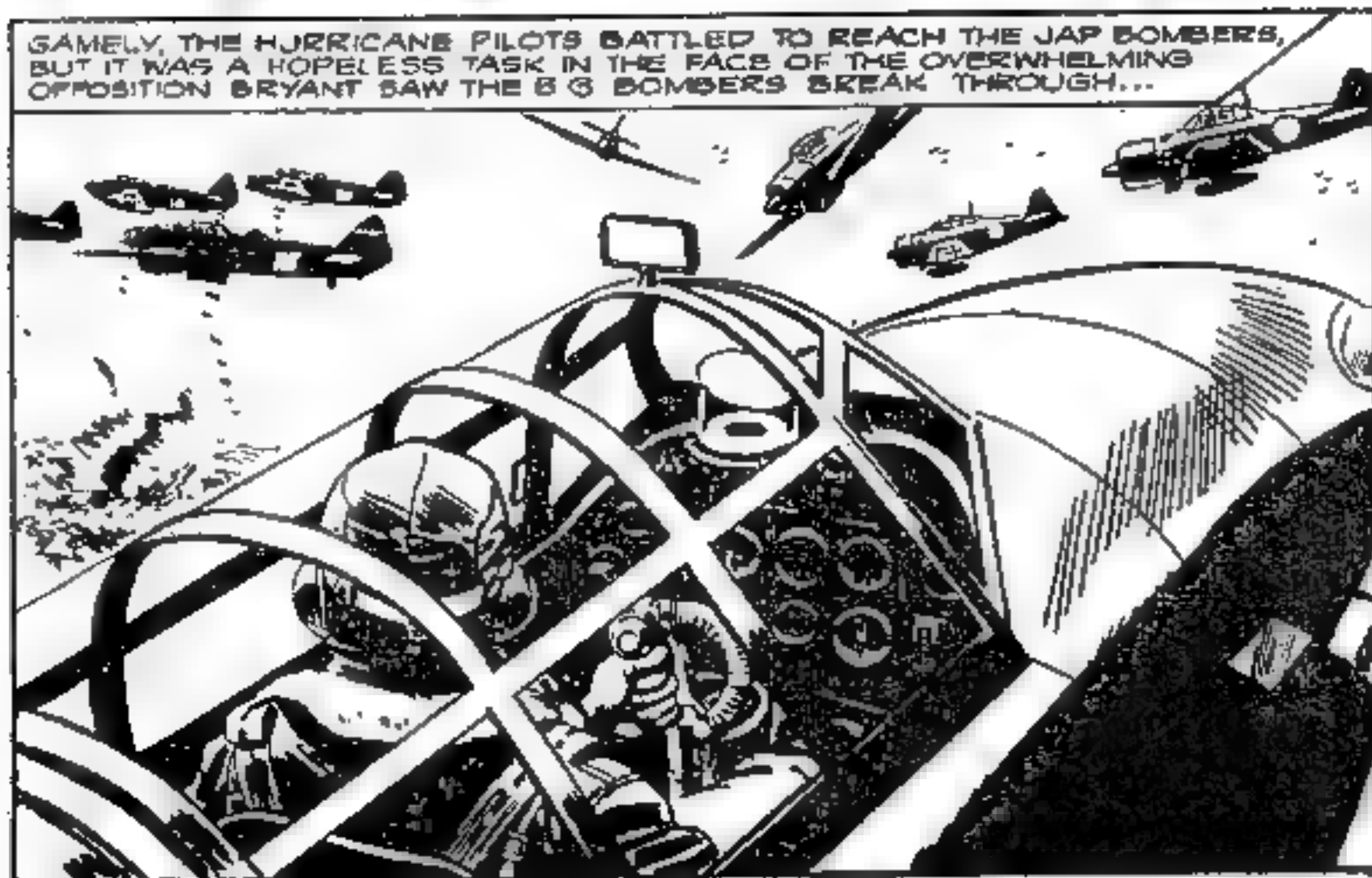
I COULD BE WRONG... MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE PULLED OUT LONG AGO. I'D HAVE SAVED THE LIVES OF THESE PILOTS ..



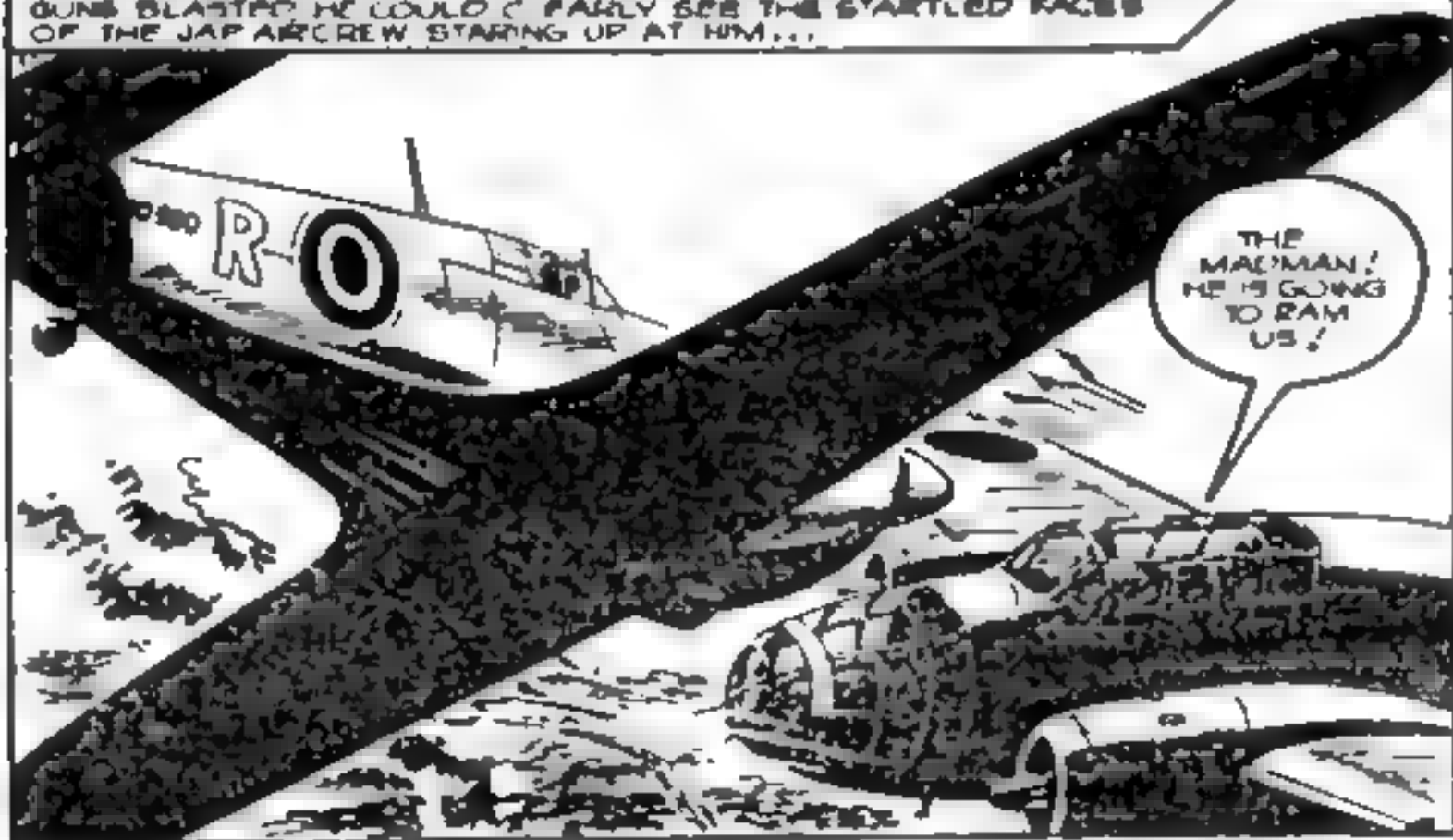
AS THE HURRICANES CLIMBED FROM THEIR TAKE OFF RUNS, THE ZEROS STRUCK...



GAMELY, THE HURRICANE PILOTS BATTLED TO REACH THE JAP BOMBERS, BUT IT WAS A HOPELESS TASK IN THE FACE OF THE OVERWHELMING OPPOSITION. BRYANT SAW THE B-3 BOMBERS BREAK THROUGH...



AS THE LEADING JAP BOMBER CIRCLED THE AIRFIELD, BRYANT DIVED HIS MACHINE STRAIGHT AT IT IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE HIS GUNS BLASTED HE COULD CLEARLY SEE THE STARTLED FACES OF THE JAP AIRCREW STARING UP AT HIM...



BRYANT'S RAKING HAIL OF BULLETS FOUND THE BOMBER'S FUEL TANKS AND THE PLANE BURST INTO FLAME BUT AS BRYANT BANKED HARD, HIS ENGINE CUT OUT!



HE SEARCHED DESPERATELY FOR A LANDING PLACE AWAY FROM THE GOING BOMB BLASTS THAT SHATTERED THE AIRSTRIP AT LAST HE FOUND A CLEAR SPOT...



IT'S THE WING-CO!

NICE LANDING!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, SIR?

I'M OKAY.
BETTER GET
BACK UNDER
COVER, CHAPS.

THE FURY PASSED... AND THE LAST OF THE BOMBERS DRONED AWAY AGAIN TO THE NORTH. WHAT WAS LEFT OF MINGALA BASE LAY, SHATTERED AND SMOKING, UNDER THE MOONLIGHT



THIS LOOKS LIKE
THE FINISH OF US, SIR.
YOURS WAS THE ONLY
HURRI TO COME BACK~
AND THAT WAS HIT
BY BOMBS.

YES, DOC~
AND THE JAPS'LL
BRING TROOPS IN
NOW THEY'VE
SOFTENED
US UP...

BUT IT
IS THE FINISH...
I'LL JUST BE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR GETTING
MORE GOOD MEN
KILLED!

BITTERLY, BRYANT
TURNED AWAY, THEN,
TWO SHADY
FIGURES CAME UP
TO HIM - THE
AMERICAN PILOTS,
HOLT AND RAWSON.

THOSE
JAPS SURE
BEAT US UP,
COMMANDER.
ARE YOU
GOING TO
STAY AND
FIGHT?

I'LL MAKE
THAT DECISION,
RAWSON!

DON'T GET
HIM WRONG, SIR: RAWSON
AND I ARE IN THE SAME BOAT -
WE'VE NO MONEY. I LOST MINE
IN THE PLANE CRASH AND
RAWSON PAID HIMES
TO BRING HIM IN.

LIKE I SAID
BEFORE -
EVERYBODY
MAKES
MISTAKES.

WHAT
THIS GUY IS
TRYING TO SAY,
COMMANDER, IS
THAT IF YOU'RE
STICKING - THEN
WE'RE WITH
YOU...

WELL -
THANK YOU!
WE MAY BE
VERY GLAD OF
YOUR SERVICES
BEFORE
THIS IS
OVER!

Chapter 2. Jap Attack

ANOTHER MAN WHO HAD SURVIVED THE TERRIBLE BOMBING OF MINGALA PULLED HIMSELF FROM SHELTER AS THE BOMBERS FLEW OFF FOR VINCENT HAMES. THERE WAS ONLY ONE DESPERATE THOUGHT

THE JAPS
WILL BE BACK
I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY NOW!



AMIDST THE SETTLING DUST OF THE BOMB-BLASTS, HAMES AND BRYANT CAME FACE TO FACE...

SO YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE,
BRYANT?

HAMES!



YOUR
ORDERS KEPT
EVERYBODY HERE!
BUT YOU WON'T
LIVE TO COLLECT
YOUR MEDALS,
BRYANT!

I'M WARNING
YOU, HAMES!



HAMES FENT UP FURY
CRACKED. AND HE
FLUNG HIMSELF
HEADLONG AT THE
WING COMMANDER.

CURSE
YOU, BRYANT!
YOU CAN'T
HOLD US
HERE ANY
LONGER!



THE M.O. RACED UP JUST AS A WELL-AIMED
LEFT KNOCKED HAMES SPRAWLING.

THAT'LL
QUieten YOU,
HAMES!

WHAT
THE HECK'S
GOT INTO THE
MAN?



RAWSON SUPPLIED THE ANSWER AS FLAMES LAY THERE IN THE DUST, HIS EYES FLAMING WITH HATE...

THAT MONEY'S BURNING A HOLE IN HIS POCKET, COMMANDER, HE CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF THE JAPS TAKING IT AWAY FROM HIM...



BEFORE BRYANT HAD A CHANCE TO WORK OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MAN SPRAWLED BEFORE HIM, THERE WAS ANOTHER INTERRUPTION...

A TRUCK!

WHERE DID IT COME FROM? IT CAN'T BE ONE OF OURS...



THE VEHICLE ROLLED TO A STOP AN INDIAN SERGEANT CLIMBED FROM THE DRIVING SEAT

WING
COMMANDER
BRYANT,
SIR?

YES?

THE SERGEANT SALUTED SMARTLY. HIS NEXT WORDS SENT THE M.O. HURRYING FOR HIS MEDICAL KIT...

I AM FROM TOUNGOO AIRFIELD, SIR. ALL FLYING AND GROUND CREWS ARE STRICKEN WITH BAD FEVER. MEDICAL HELP IS URGENTLY REQUIRED.

TOUNGOO? WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE RIGHT AWAY, BRYANT!

THAT'S THE ONLY OTHER OPERATIONAL AIRFIELD IN THIS SECTOR!

SWIFTLY, BRYANT MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SURVIVORS OF THE SQUADRON TO PULL OUT AND MAKE A DASH FOR FREEDOM. THEN...

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME... THE JAPS WILL BE CLOSING IN ON US RIGHT NOW! LET'S GO!

THERE IS A ROAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE I SHALL DRIVE

THE BATTERED OLD TRUCK WAS SOON BUMPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR THE FIRST TIME BRYANT NOTICED HAMES HAD DISAPPEARED

I THINK HE
CLEARED OUT,
COMMANDER I
HOPE HIS LUCK
HOLDS OUT
AGAINST THE
JAPS



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THE MISSING MAN WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THEY FOUND THE JAPS WERE NEARER THAN THEY HAD IMAGINED!

WHAT'S THAT
UP AHEAD?

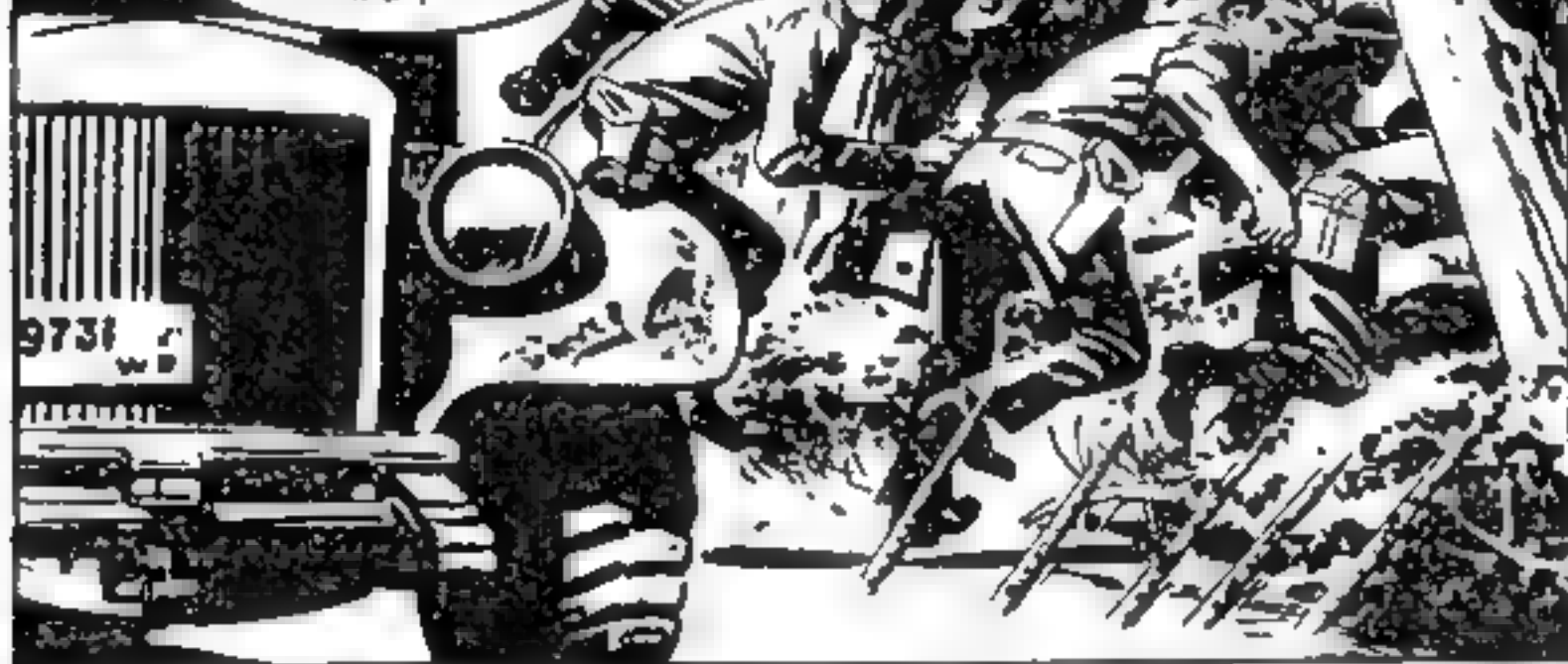
THE ROAD IS
BLOCKED SIR
PERHAPS IT
IS A TRAP!

THEN I'M
NOT RISKING IT!
STOP THE TRUCK!
RIGHT, MEN—
FILE OUT!



AS THEY DASHED INTO THE COVER OF THE JUNGLE, A HIDDEN MACHINE GUN OPENED UP / BULLETS STITCHED A LETHAL TRACK ALONG THE DUSTY ROAD FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE FALLEN TREE ..

WE'VE GOT TO KNOCK THAT MACHINE GUN OUT-OR WE WON'T GET THROUGH / TWO OF YOU MEN, FOLLOW ME !



THE INDIAN SERGEANT AND ONE OF THE R.A.F. MEN JOINED BRYANT SILENTLY. THEY MOVED THROUGH THE JUNGLE COVER UNTIL THE WING-COMMANDER SPOTTED THE MACHINE-GUN NEST ..

WE'VE GOT THEM !
MAKE IT FAST
WHEN I GIVE
THE WORD !



IT WAS THE BRAVNY
INDIAN SERGEANT WHO
MOVED FIRST,
GRAPPLING WITH ONE
OF THE JAP GUNNERS
BEFORE HE HAD A
CHANCE TO RESIST...

AGH!



DRYANT AND HIS MEN TURNED TO GO BACK TO THE REST OF
THE B PARTY THERE WAS A SUDDEN MOVEMENT IN THE
UNDERGROWTH AND FOUR MORE JAP INFANTRYMEN CAME
SLEEPING TOWARDS THEM!

THE MACHINE-
GUN! GET IT
WORKING!

BANZAI!
CUT THEM
DOWN!



AS THE INDIAN SERGEANT SWUNG THE JAP MACHINE GUN
ROUND TOWARDS THE NEWCOMERS, DRYANT'S FIRE
BROUGHT TWO OF THEM DOWN



THE JAPANESE MACHINE GUN JAMMED UNFAMILIAR WITH ITS MECHANISM THE INDIAN SERGEANT SPRANG TO HIS FEET CROOPING FOR A RIFLE.

HOPE I'VE GOT ENOUGH BOUNDS LEFT TO STOP 'EM

WE SHALL BE FIGHTING, SIR!

FORWARD!
FORWARD!



BYRANT'S FIRST SHOT BROUGHT DOWN ONE OF THE ENEMY BUT NEXT MOMENT THE OTHER TWO WERE UPON THEM LIKE TIGERS.



SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE WING COMMANDER SMASHED HIS FIST AGAINST THE JAP'S JAW THE SNARL FROZE ON THE ENEMY'S LIPS AS HIS HEAD STRUCK A TREE WITH A SICKENING THUD



THEN, SWINGING ROUND, BRYANT SAW THE MORTALLY WOUNDED INDIAN SERGEANT MAKE HIS FINAL KILL ...

WE DIE TOGETHER—
JAPANESE
VERMIN!

SERGEANT!



THERE WAS NOTHING BEYANT COULD DO
 IN THE GALLANT SERGEANT CREEPING
 THROUGH THE JUNGLE HE JOINED THE OTHERS

THE JAPS HAVE
 CONTROL OF THE
 ROAD WE'LL
 HAVE TO MOVE
 ON IN THE
 JUNGLE.

I'VE GOT
 A COMPASS
 IN MY PACK
 THAT SHOULD
 SEE US
 THROUGH



WITH THE MO CARRYING HIS HEFTY
 MEDICAL PACK, THEY SET OUT
 BEYANT KNEW THEIR CHANCES OF
 REACHING TUNGLO AFIELD
 WERE SLIM BUT THERE WAS NO
 GOING BACK TO MINGALA



AS THE WEARY PARTY TRUDGED ON THE ENEMY
 TROOPS WERE ALREADY STREAMING SOUTH
 AFTER THEIR BREAKTHROUGH AT KUMING THE
 FINAL OVERTHROW OF BUELA WAS AT HAND



AS DUSK CAME TO THE JUNGLE AGAIN, WING COMMANDER BRYANT WAS CLOSER TO TOUNGOD AIRFIELD THAN HE THOUGHT.

ANOTHER PATROL... AND WE'RE TOO DEAD BEAT TO MOVE. WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT!



BUT THE MAN WHO CAME THROUGH THE SCREEN OF BUSHES WAS NO JAP. SEEING HIM BRYANT STOOD UP SUDDENLY.

IT'S AN INDIAN BOLDER! OVER HERE, HON!



THE INDIAN HAD BEEN SENT OUT FROM THE AIRFIELD TO FIND THEM. QUICKLY, HE LED THEM ALONG A JUNGLE TRAIL...

LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOU FIRST, THE JAPS ARE EVERYWHERE!

MANY JAPS... BUT I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU WE SUSPECTED THE TRUCK HAD BEEN WAYLAD.



The Sky's The Limit

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE PARTY REACHED THE HIDDEN AIRFIELD. SWIFTLY, THE M.O. GOT TO WORK.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER WAS A BURLY SOUTH AFRICAN STRAIGHTWAY, HE SHOWED BRYANT WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND, AS HE SPOKE IN HIS FEVER-WEAKENED VOICE



THE SOUTH AFRICAN'S FINGER TAPPED THE CHART ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIM URGENTLY, HIS VOICE WAS STERN...

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST DO, BRYANT! ONE OF OUR PILOTS SPOTTED ENEMY CONCENTRATIONS AROUND MAGDEO... ENOUGH JAP AMMUNITION TO BLOW BURMA INTO THE SEA.

YOU WANT US TO RAID IT? OKAY!



BRYANT LISTENED AS THE SICK MAN OUTLINED A PLAN OF ATTACK...

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO FIGHTER COVER NEAR MAGDEO. ONE BLENHEIM COULD GET THROUGH THEIR FLAK DEFENCES. AT NIGHT, IF THE TARGET COULD BE PINPOINTED.

I COULD FLY ONE OF THE LYSANDERS AS PATHFINDER

WHEN HE FINALLY LEFT THE C.O.'S TENT BRYANT'S MIND WAS MADE UP HE HAD A TASK AHEAD-TO PERSUADE TWO MORE MEN TO COME WITH HIM

I THINK I CAN RAISE A CREW FOR THE BLENHEIM...

YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, BRYANT WE EXPECT THE JAPS AT ANY TIME



ONCE OUTSIDE BRYANT BOUGHT OUT HOLT AND RAWSON HE QUICKLY EXPLAINED WHAT HE WANTED.

YOU TOLD ME YOU'D HELP ME IF YOU COULD...

SURE THING! HANK AND MYSELF WERE LOOKING OVER THESE BABIES I RECKON WE COULD HANDLE ONE -



ONE OF THE BLENHEIMS WAS ALREADY BOMBED UP IT ONLY REMAINED FOR BRYANT TO TAKE OVER THE LYSANDER HE WOULD FLY IN AS PATHFINDER.

THE CHANCES ARE THE JAPS WILL HAVE PLENTY OF FLAK COVER NEAR THE TARGET BUT IF I GET IN FIRST AND GIVE YOU A GOOD PINPOINT,

IT'LL BE A CINEH! ONE HIT ON THAT AMMO DUMP WILL DO THE TRICK!



THE MEDICAL OFFICER CAME
TO SEE BRYANT OFF ..

GOOD LUCK SIR!
I'LL BE STOPPING
HERE TO TAKE
CARE OF THOSE
WITH FEVER.

MAYBE
YOU'LL NEED
AS MUCH
LUCK AS
I WILL,
DOC!



AND SO TWO BRAVE MEN
PARTED - FOR THE LAST TIME
BRYANT GUNNED THE MOTOR
OF THE LYSANDER.

BRYANT ALWAYS SEEMED
TO BE HAUNTED BY
SOMETHING IN HIS PAST.
I HOPE HE FINDS THE
ANSWER TO IT
OUT THERE



Chapter 3. *The Price of Honour*

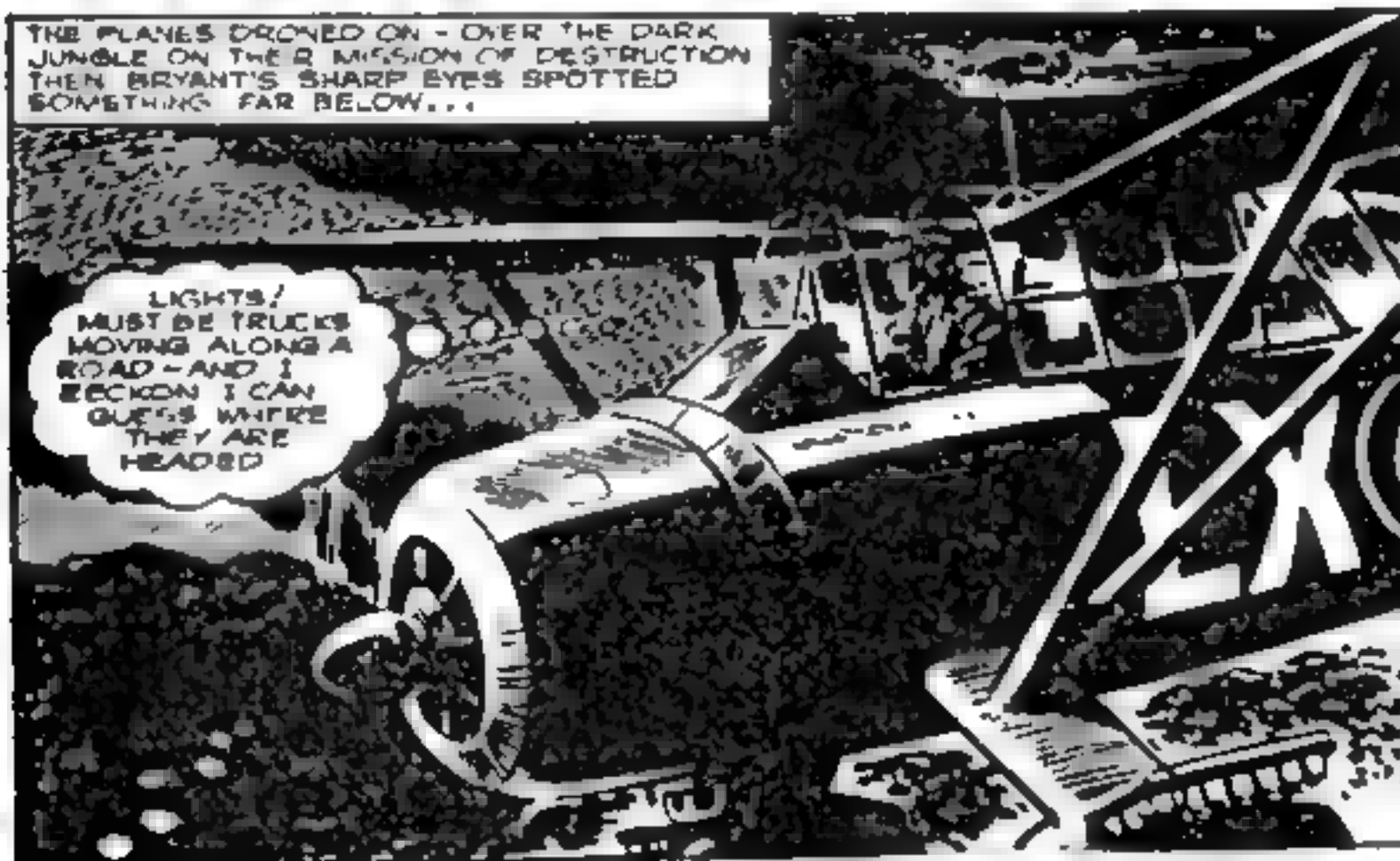
AIRBORNE BRYANT TURNED THE OLD LYLANDER ON COURSE

I'M GOING TO NEED
MY NIGHT FIGHTER
EYESIGHT TONIGHT
IF WE'RE TO PULL
THIS OFF!



THE PLANES DROVE ON - OVER THE DARK
JUNGLE ON THEIR MISSION OF DESTRUCTION
THEN BRYANT'S SHARP EYES SPOTTED
SOMETHING FAR BELOW...

LIGHTS!
MUST BE TRUCKS
MOVING ALONG A
ROAD - AND I
BECKON I CAN
GUESS WHERE
THEY ARE
HEADED



SUDDENLY HIS PLANE WAS BATHED IN DAZZLING LIGHT A JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY HAD PICKED HIM UP.

ENEMY PLANE! OPEN FIRE!



THE SLOW MOVING LYSANDER WAS CAUGHT IN A BOX BARRAGE / BRYANT STRUGGLED TO HOLD THE BUFFETED PLANE ON COURSE

I'VE GOT TO CLIMB-GET ABOVE THE BARRAGE!



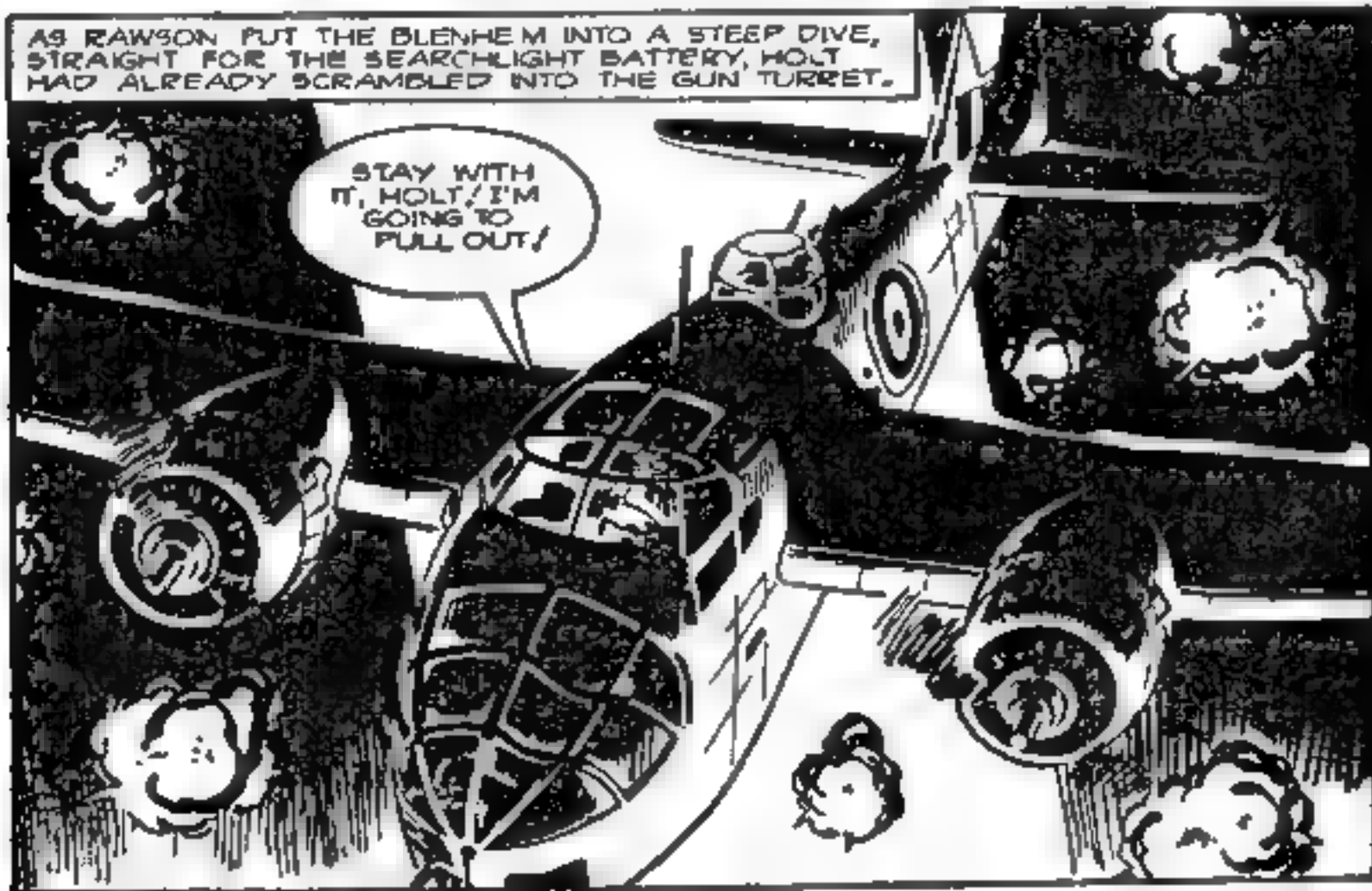
EVEN AS HE FOUGHT FOR HEIGHT, ANOTHER SEARCHLIGHT FLICKED ON, ITS ROVING BEAM FASTENED ON TO THE TINY PLANE...

THE NIPS HAVE FIXED HIM IN THAT SEARCHLIGHT, RAWSON! HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE DOES IF YOU CAN WORK THE FRONT GUNS, HOLT! I'M GOING THROUGH THAT CRAZY LIGHT!

AS RAWSON PUT THE BLENHEM INTO A STEEP DIVE, STRAIGHT FOR THE SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY, HOLT HAD ALREADY SCRAMBLED INTO THE GUN TURRET.

STAY WITH IT, HOLT! I'M GOING TO PULL OUT!

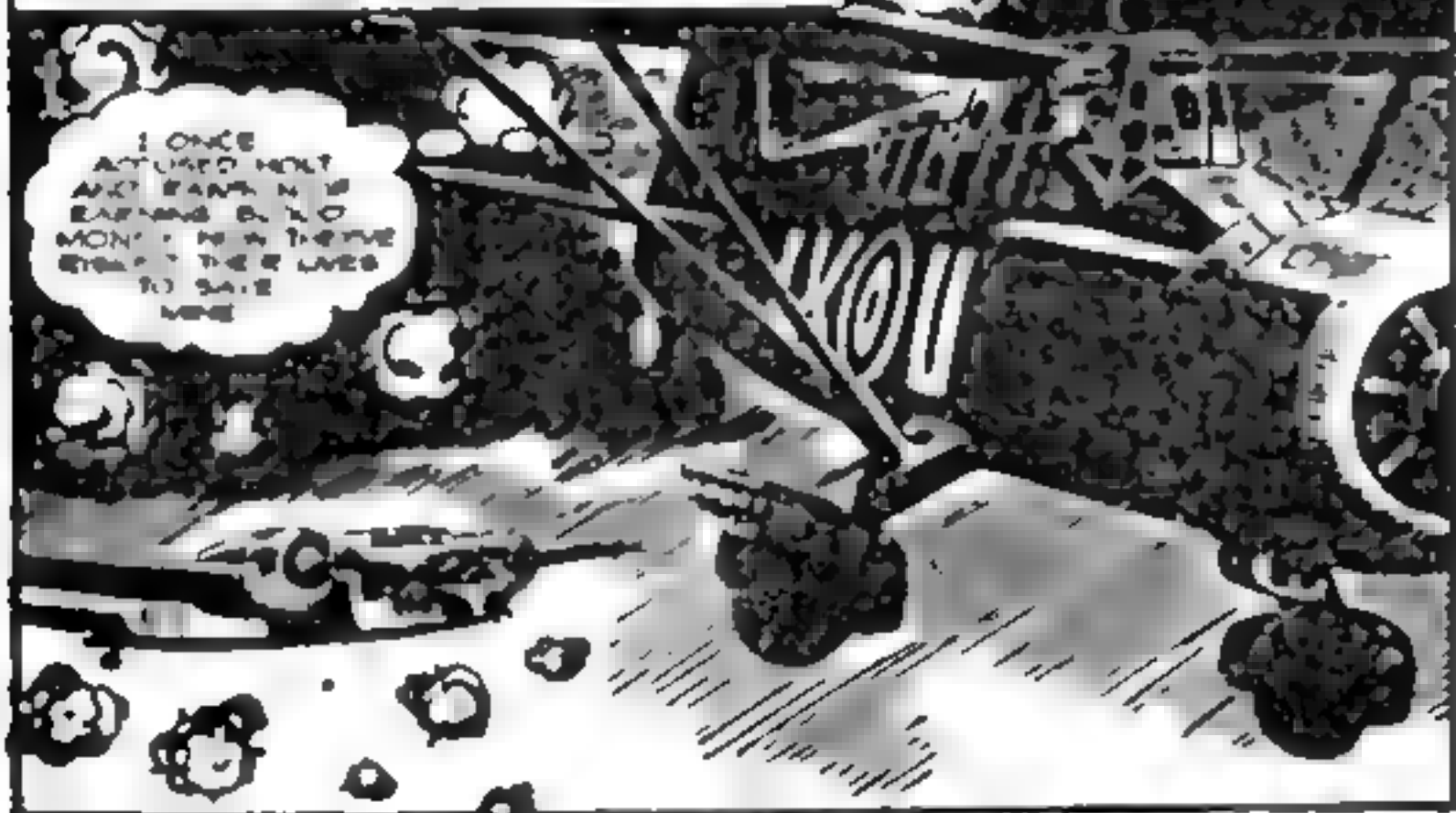


IT WAS IN A VERY SILENT WAY THAT IT
HEARD THE DIVE, LOW OVER THE SEARCHLIGHT
A SHOT WAS HEARD THE THUNDER OF
THE TWIN GUNS, POURING A TERRIBLE FIRE
INTO THE LIGHT...



IN THE LYNCHING BEYOND STARS IN WHICH
THE RAINFALL SWIRLED NOW TO THE GLENNON,
AS HIS OWN PLANE DROVE ON

I ONCE
ADVISED HOLT
AND FARMER
EARNING \$10
MONTHLY IN THE
STREET THE LIVES
TO SAVE
MINE



BRYANT REALIZED THAT THEY WERE ALMOST OVER THE TARGET AREA AS THE FLAK GREW STEADILY MORE INTENSE.



ACTING ON THE INSTINCT BORN OF HIS NIGHT FIGHTER DAYS BRYANT KNEW THIS MUST BE THE TARGET BELOW HIM. NEXT INSTANT THE FLAKS WERE GONE!



NEXT SECOND, THE BLENHEM ROARED IN AND DROPPED ITS BOMB-LOAD, WITH AN EXPLOSION WHICH SHOOK THE EARTH FOR MILES AROUND, THE AMMUNITION DUMP BLEW UP!



BUFFETED BY THE BLAST OF THE TITANIC EXPLOSION, THE TWO AIRCRAFT FOUND IT A STRUGGLE TO KEEP ON AN EVEN KEEL...

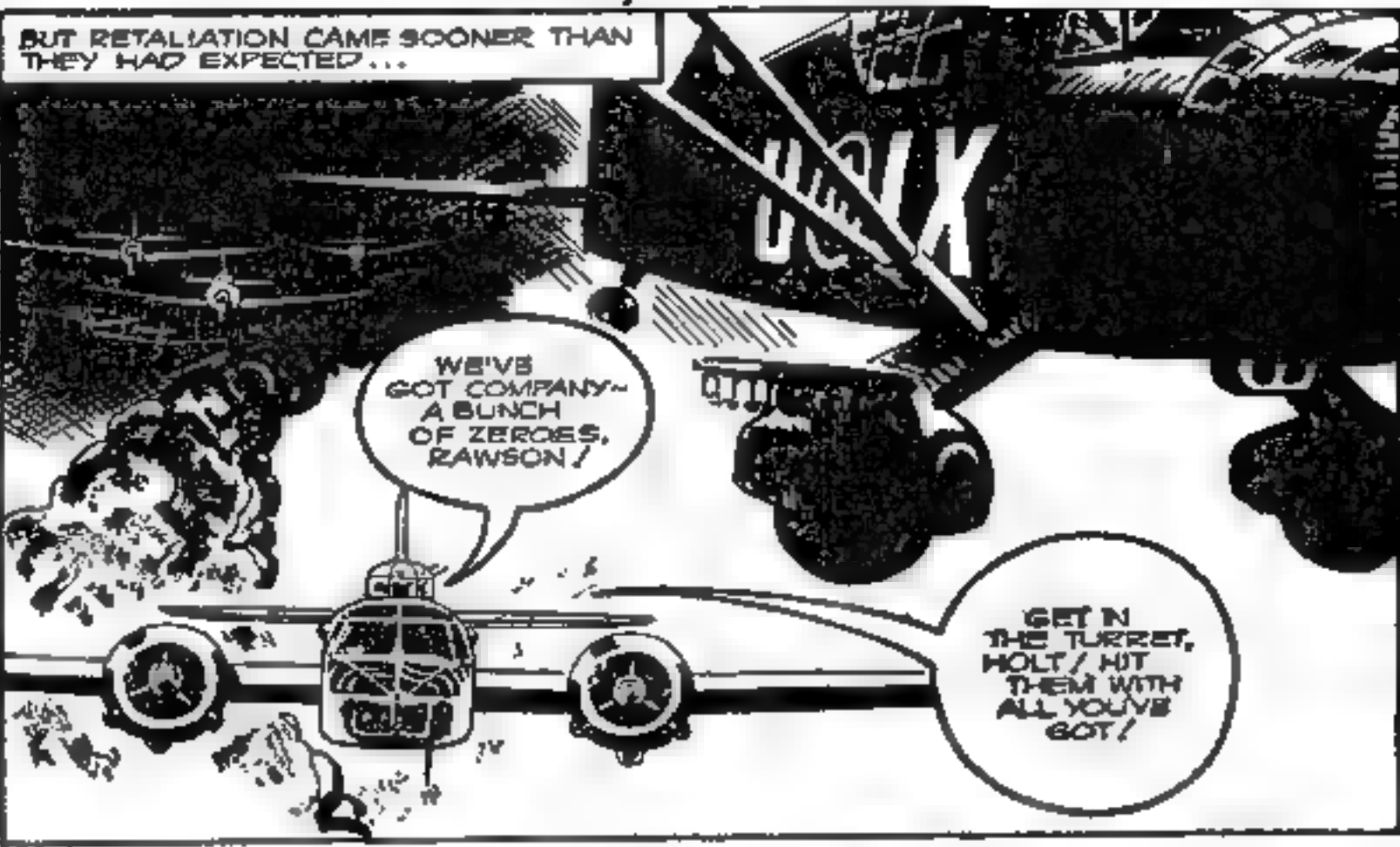
NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY BEFORE THE HORNETS ARRIVE...

BANG ON TARGET, HOLY! LOOK AT THAT FIRE - IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO BE SEEN CLEAR TO TOKYO!

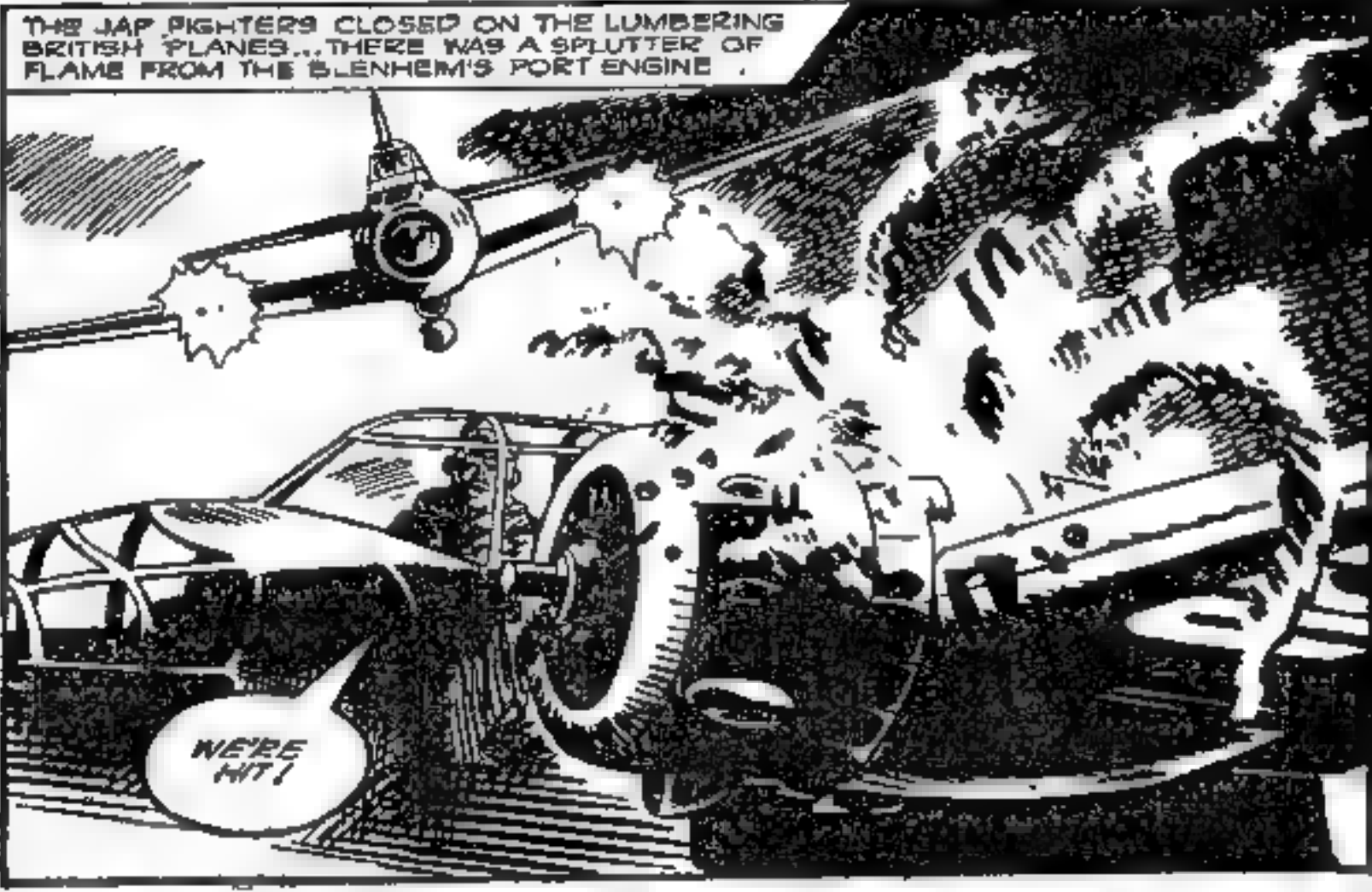
THANKS TO OUR PATHFINDER!



BUT RETALIATION CAME SOONER THAN THEY HAD EXPECTED...



THE JAP FIGHTERS CLOSED ON THE LUMBERING BRITISH PLANES...THERE WAS A SPLUTTER OF FLAME FROM THE BLENHEM'S PORT ENGINE.



AS THE STRICKEN BOMBER WENT INTO A DEATH DIVE, THE JAP FIGHTERS TURNED IN A WIDE ARC ONE OF THEM PEELED OFF AND SPED TOWARDS THE SURVIVING BRITISH PLANE...

A SPOTTER PLANE! IT WILL BE A PERFECT TARGET FOR MY GUNS!

IF I CAN DODGE THE FIRST BURST I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CRASH-LAND!

THE ZERO'S FIRST BURST RIPPED ALONG THE WING OF THE LYSANDER! BRYANT HELD THE PLANE TILL HE WAS SKIMMING ALONG AT TREE-TOP HEIGHT

I'LL HIT THE GROUND AT ANY MOMENT. GOT TO BRNG MY SPEED DOWN!

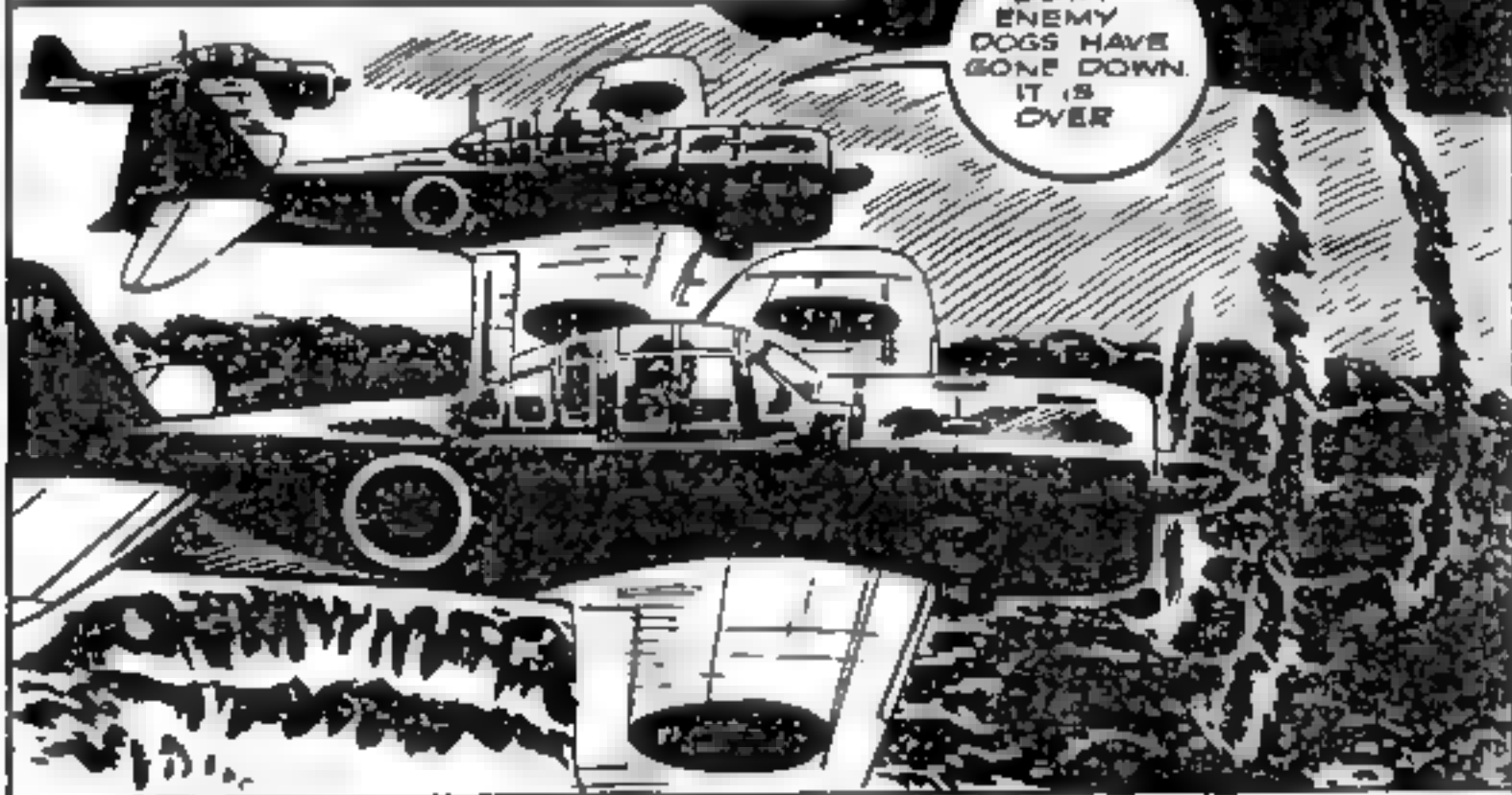
BUT AS BRYANT THROTTLED BACK, THE TERRIFIC DRAG ON THE SHATTERED WINGS CAUSED THEM TO BREAK UP

SHE'S
CRACKING UP!
I CAN'T HOLD
HER! I CAN'T
CONTROL
HER...



OVER THE JUNGLE THERE WAS STILLNESS ONCE AGAIN, EXCEPT FOR THE CLIMBING SPIRALS OF BLACK SMOKE THAT MARKED THE SPOTS WHERE THE TWO PLANES HAD CRASHED.

BOTH
ENEMY
DOGS HAVE
GONE DOWN.
IT IS
OVER



BUT, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, A MAN WAS CRAWLING FREE FROM THE WRECK OF A LYSANDER

WHAT
HAPPENED?
THE PLANE
GOT TO
GET FREE



GRADUALLY BRYANT'S BRAIN CLEARED HE MAILED HIMSELF UPRIGHT AND STARTED TO REMEMBER AS HE GAZED BACK AT THE SMOLDERING WRECK OF THE LYBANDER

THE PLANE
THOSE FIGHTERS.
I REMEMBER
THE FIRE

HOLT AND
RANSON
THEY'RE DEAD
THEY DIED, LIKE
JOHNNY LEVY
DIED LIKE YOU
ALMOST DIED

THE MAGNATION OF THE SHOCKED MAN WAS PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM / HE TURNED WILDLY BLINDLY INTO THE JUNGLE AS VOICES SEEMED TO CALL OUT TO HIM FROM THE UNDERGROWTH

THOSE VOICES!
I CAN'T
STAND IT!

RANSON DEAD
HOLT DEAD LIKE
JOHNNY DIED
AND LIKE YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE,
BRYANT!

THEN, OUTS CLEARLY, HE
SAW A MAN'S FACE!

IT'S HANES!
NO! NO - IT
CAN'T BE!



MERCIFULLY, BRYANT BLACKED OUT.
THEN, THROUGH THE GROPING MISTS,
HE GRADUALLY CAME ROUND

HANES!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

TAKE IT
EASY, BRYANT!
YOU'VE HAD A
NASTY BANG
ON THE
HEAD



HAMES EXPLAINED WHAT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO THE JUNGLE

I WAS HEADING FOR RANGOON BUT GOT LOST IN THE JUNGLE I SAW THE EXPLOSION OF THE AMMO DUMP WHEN YOU DROPPED THOSE BOMBS

WHAT MADE YOU STOP HAMES?

HAMES SPOKE TENSELY, DETERMINED THAT BRYANT SHOULD BELIEVE HIM

I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT THINGS, BRYANT! HOW MEN WERE DYING WHILE I WAS RUNNING TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN, AND THE MONEY I HAD



BRYANT LISTENED IN SILENCE

THAT NEW JAGUAR FIGHTER WAS A KILLER, BRYANT / I SHOULD KNOW. I WAS THE FIRST TEST PILOT TO FLY IT MY PLANE CRASHED AND MY CO PILOT WAS KILLED I WAS BLAMED AND CASHIERED FOR NEGLIGENCE BUT IT WAS THE OIL PRESSURE FEED THAT WAS FAULTY.

OIL PRESSURE FEED? THAT WAS HOW IT HAPPENED WITH ME - AND JOHNNY!

HAMES WENT INTO GREATER DETAIL. BUT FOR BRYANT THE QUESTIONS WERE ALREADY ANSWERED THE MACHINE NOT THE MEN HAD FAILED!

YOU DIDN'T KILL JOHNNY LEVIS HIS MURDERER WAS A BRUTAL FIGHTER PLANE THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN FLOWN!

AND YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CASHIERED HAMES

VINCENT HAMES PULLED THE MONEY FROM HIS POCKETS...THE DOLLARS HE HAD BEEN PAID AS A FLYING TIGER PILOT...

YOU KNOW, HONOUR IS A STRANGE WORD, BRYANT. SOUNDS A LITTLE OUTDATED NOWADAYS. BUT PERHAPS I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND IT A LITTLE BETTER. I SHAN'T NEED THESE DOLLARS TO BUY IT, ANYWAY...



THE DAWN WAS RISING — AND WITH THE DAWN CAME THE JAP PATROLS...

BANZAI!
WHITE DOGS!
ATTACK!



TOGETHER, THEY FACED THE ENEMY - THE TWO MEN WHO FOR SO LONG HAD BEEN FIGHTING THE BATTLES THAT RAGED WITHIN THEMSELVES. THEY WERE OUTNUMBERED, BUT THEY HAD A FIGHTING CHANCE... AND AS HAMES HAD SAID, HONOUR WAS A WORD THAT ONCE AGAIN MEANT SOMETHING TO HIM...



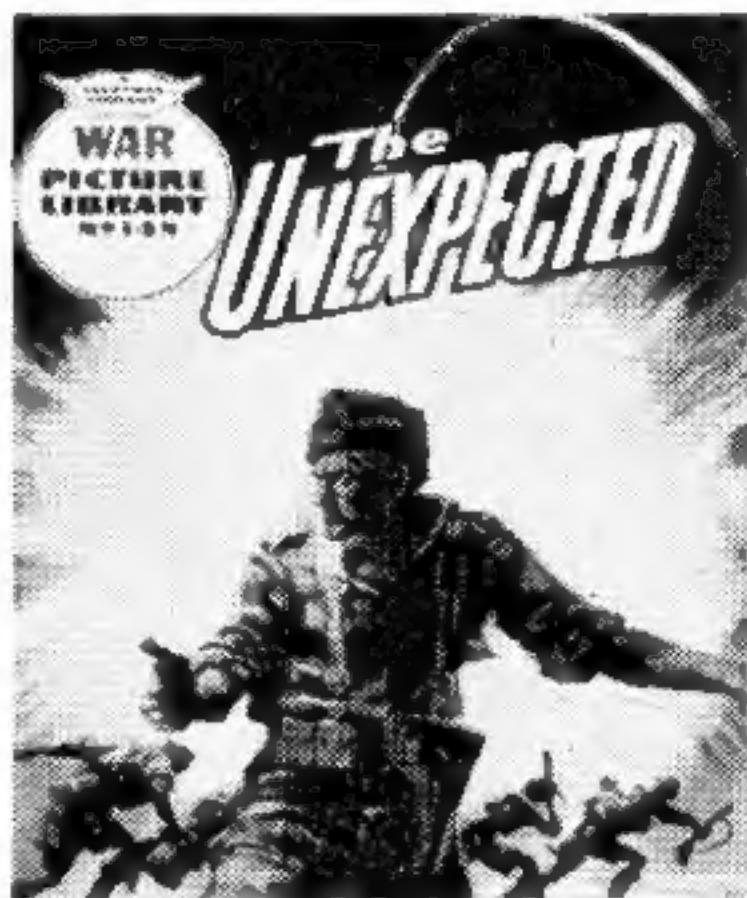
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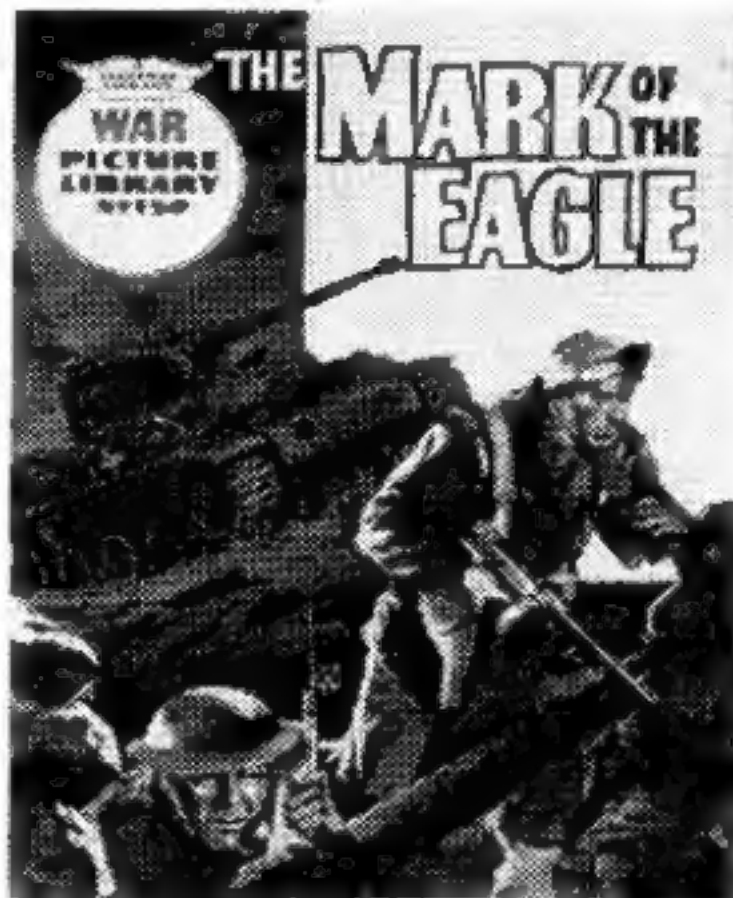
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